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PICTORIAL

LADIES' WEEKLY

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE WOMEN OF NORTH AMERICA.

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"A woman's rank lies in the fulness of her womanhood: therein alone she is royal."—GEORGE ELIOT.

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Written for the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.

A Gossip.

"Yes, thank you, I will," replied Aunt Nell to our invitation to 'come in,' as she approached our room.

"The atmosphere is purer than it was when I passed an hour or so ago," she continued.

"What was the matter?" we asked in wide-eyed astonishment.

"You were taking part in the 'evil wrought by want of thought'; you were doing like the child who told her mamma every time 'Mr. Smith's hens wiped their feet on our grass'; in other words, gossiping."

"We didn't say any evil, Aunt," protested blue-eyed Constance, "we scarcely knew what to do with ourselves, so we began repeating funny things we had heard about people."

"That is the secret of it, the idle hour from 'the Orient to the drooping west. But now," continued Aunt, with one of the unexpected turns which often made the beauty of her conversation, "let's have a real gossip, while we are at it."

"You!" we exclaimed.

"Yes, I will help this once if you'll gossip my way. Now, each of you think. We intend to recall quotations relative to slander, gossip, or free use of the tongue. Grace, you may begin."

"All of us knows what the Bible says of the little member," responded Grace, and then there's the copy little Janette had yesterday, 'When will talkers refrain from evil-speaking? When listeners refrain from evil-hearing.' Hare is the author."

"A good beginning," said Aunt, "but you insist that I'm to quote more frequently as penalty for old age, so I will add one here, which suggests quite forcibly that we attend our own affairs, it is from an old Berkshire Ditty,

'Let's you and I go our own way,
And we'll let she go shes'n,'"

A burst of laughter followed, and deep in Aunt's heart she knew she gave the amusing couplet to make the girls feel they were having a good time.

"I'll take Shakespeare for my authority," said Constance, answering the nod from Aunt, "there's the wonderful,

'He that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him
But makes me poor indeed.'

"Again he says:

'Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice,
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment,'"

"Yes, Shakespeare is ever a fertile field, and we'll take another line or two from him," said Aunt.

"'What king so strong
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?'"

"Now Lettie your turn."

"I'll go back to Chaucer," replied Lettie.

"'The first virtue is to temper well thy tongue.' And then isn't it Cato from whom we have: 'We cannot control the evil tongues of others, but a good life enables us to despise them.'"

Up went Grace's hand. "Well, Grace?" remarked Aunt. "I read Burns during the summer, and I remember he says,

'Then gently scan thy brother man,
Still gentler sister women;
Though both may gang a kennie wrong
To step aside is human.'"

"The schoolgirls," laughingly interrupted Constance, "call a girl who is much given to talking, a funnel. Sir R. Steele says, 'people are funnels of conversation who take in something merely to pass to others.'"

"There are many proverbs," continued Aunt, "referring to our subject, for instance, this Italian one, 'Hear, see, and say nothing, if you wish to live in peace. And that reminds me of Terence, who says 'He who indulges in Liberty of Speech, will hear things, in return, which he will not like.'"

"Oh, I remember a funny one from Byron," said Lettie.

'That abominable tittle-tattle,
The cud eschewed by human cattle.'"

"I'll refer to George Eliot for one that will fit in there," rejoined Grace. "'There's folks nowadays know what happened afore they was born better nor they know their own business.'"

"I have an oft-quoted one from Scott," remarked Constance.

'Many a word at random spoken
May soothe or wound a heart that's broken.'"

"Which," pursued Aunt, "suits my quotation from Thompson,

"'The whispered tale,
That, like the fabling Nile, no fountain knows.'

"We would do well to consider this gleaning from Socrates; 'Such as thy words are, such will thy affections be esteemed, and such will thy deeds as thy affections, and such thy life as thy deeds.' Now, I've an engagement, but you may make notes, and we will 'gossip' about them to-morrow."

"I know a few more," replied Grace, "and, dear Aunt, we thank you for a pleasant hour. I think we'll endeavor to stop gossiping."

"I'm sure we will," joined in the others

"I hope so truly," returned Aunt, "but when people resolve to abandon idle talk, or Sclaunder as Spenser calls it, roses will appear before the thorns." D. S.

MRS. AUSTIN SMITH'S COSTUME AT THE RACES.—(SKETCHED BY OUR ARTIST.)

Proper Mastication.

Proper mastication implies that the food be thoroughly chewed and mixed with the fluids of the mouth before being swallowed, and that these functions be performed without haste. Most people eat as though they were ignorant of the fact that the stomach has no teeth or means of ensalivating the food with which they fill it. The stomach is a most faithful servitor, and makes a long and earnest struggle to preserve its owner from the inevitable consequences of imposing upon it, functions which nature intended should be performed by the teeth and the salivary glands; but, like the indulgencies of a faithful mother or any other self-sacrificing friend, its services are only recognized when it is unable to respond to demands for them.

Most people, as they approach middle life, lose many of their back teeth, which are the principal implements of mastication, but they fail to bear in mind that they should take more time at their meals in order to prepare their food for swallowing. They should remember that nature makes no allowance for their infirmities in this respect, but will hold to them a strict account for any neglect to observe the rules of health.

THE

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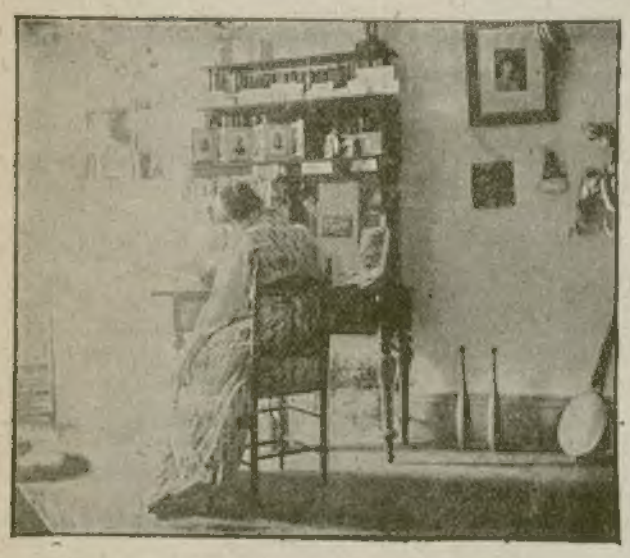
Visitors to the Sanctum.

"Like the swell of some sweet tune,
Morning rising into noon,
May glides onward into June."

—LONGFELLOW.



MADAME was not able to get to see me as she promised, so she wrote out the rest of Marie's love affair and sent it. Here it is:

Madame's Story.

"Well, my Marie is a very strange girl, very strange. When she see the two gentleman sitting there very grave, and I, her mother, sitting in my chair with my hands folded, she laughs out, (afterwards she tells me that it was very funny but I do not know why) and we all are very angry and the gentlemen look fierce at her. Then I ask them what they want and they both say:—

"Marie!" and Marie, she say:—

"But you cannot both have me. Is it not so?" and the one that comes in the afternoon say very angry:—

"You must decide now which one you will have—now." Then Marie looks at him and frown and says quickly. "Very well, then, I decide, *now*, that I will not have you." Then the other gentleman smile a little, and the first man walks quickly out of the house, his face like the storm-cloud, and then Marie sits down and cries. She will not speak to the other one at all, although he tries very hard and coax her. She only says that she will stay with me, her mother. Then the gentleman he say to me that he hope my health will keep good and Marie stop crying and make him a grimace and after that he go away too. After while they both come back, often. But she cannot tell which she likes best, ever, and I am very weary. Almost I would be glad that she leave me and marry. So one day she tell me that she will marry next week and there is no time to get her the clothes ready and she will not tell me which one. I like them both very well and I feel bad. On Thursday she would marry, just quiet-like only I, her mother, there and we go to the church together. When we get there I look to see which gentleman and I see no one. At last I see the one that came, last, that night, coming around a corner and Marie ran to meet him and her eyes shine and she look very glad. When he come near I see that he look—oh!—horrible! He had his arm tied up and his coat is torn and one of his eyes has a black mark, and he go lame on one foot. His hat is gone and I could not see his collar or his neck-tie. Oh, it was dreadful! But I do not say anything. I am afraid that Marie change her mind again. But after they are married I ask him what it mean and he laugh and say:—

"Marie say that she will marry the one that get to the church first and we both start before day-break and took the same road and I keep him back a little that was all."

A Turkish Bath.

The Lady and I went together. She had been before and I—am going again. What did I think of it? You do not do much thinking. It is mainly a sensation, or a succession of sensations each more delightful than the last. A more blissfully happy two hours it would be hard to imagine. The woman who has lived without a Turkish bath has lived in vain. To a rightly constituted person a bath of any kind is one of the joys of living and the luxury of a Turkish bath adds a new delight to earth. You will please excuse me from going into details of costume. I shall likewise refrain from commentary on the appearance of the other bathers. Suffice it is to say that the Lady thought Toronto women owed their pretty feet to their shoe-makers and I could not gainsay her. And did I really and truly like every bit of it? Yes, assuredly yes. The hardest thing I found to do was the remaining quiet afterwards. To lie still twenty minutes when one is not sleepy or ill or tired or reading! It's hard. The first few minutes there is a delicious, dreamy languor and——— but I am beginning with the ending. To go back.

But I really cannot describe the process. First a hot room, where you perspire until a wet rag is a back-board in companion with you, then a hotter room where you speedily become merely a spot on the floor, then the hottest, whither you, the spot, cook, boil, and go off in steam. Then you are someway captured and once more an entity are stretched out on a marble bier and buried in lather. As I was frightened to death and had my eyes shut tight all the time, I don't know exactly what went on except that I seemed to be substantial enough, once more, to be rubbed and pounded and splashed into a jelly. Someway, I'll never know how, I found myself swimming in a tank, of cold water, this time, and hitting my head against another girl every time I tried to turn around. Then I was hurried around to get my hair dry and made to lie quiet to cool off——— I think at the same time. And our Turkish bath was over.

But that delicious afterlude! The delightful weariness, the soft couch, perfect comfort and a charming picture to look at. Opposite was an indolent young beauty, the early morning dewiness on her face, the memory of love's whispers in her eyes, soft masses of fair hair falling in sweet disorder, and a half-wistful, sweet, dreamy curve, to the daintiest of crimson lips. Was she not fair; my lady?

I am such a beauty-worshipper that I hope I shall never know that girl. Why? Because it is often saddening to know the owner of a beautiful face. Beauty of soul is alas! more common where outward beauty is not. I am content to watch her and think—as indeed, likely it is, that her soul is as lovely and as loveable as her face.

Book-Treasures.

A few issues since, I was describing a jaunt through some book-stores, and telling of some new editions of favorites I had purchased. The names of the books were wrongly spelled, and my friends, who are in the habit of borrowing my books, are unduly anxious to see these rare and wonderful volumes with the extraordinary title. I have been poked fun at so much that I rise in self-defence, and tell what really were the books on which I spent my last cent. Now read the list carefully: "Virginibus Pueribus," "The Little Minister," "Obiter Dicta," and "Ballades and Rondeaus." If you don't know them all, you ought to. The first named, "Virginibus Puerisque," is a book I would never care to be without. It is a collection of essays of Robert Louis Stevenson so called from the first essay, which is "To Youths and Maidens," and contains advice to young men, not to get married. Every girl should have two or three copies in her library to loan. The essays are delightful. They are full of delicate, satirical humor, and of solid common sense. The author is certainly one of the most reasonable and sensible of men. The writing is in the very happiest style, very clever, scholarly, witty, tender and pathetic, at times, and ever intensely human. One can never feel out of touch with the writer.

"The Little Minister," I shall speak of soon in connection with its author, Mr. J. M. Barrie, than whom no writer of the present day is more loveable. The other book—to be Irish—is two volumes "Obiter Dicta." It is by Augustine Birrell, and is not half so widely known as it ought to be. It is likewise a collection of essays, principally literary. Mr. Birrell is one of the justest and most charitable critics I have ever read. Such a kindly mantle he draws over the lives of those whose lives are not so noble as their works! That is the real spirit of criticism; to show where the man was great, *not* where he was small. He only has the very best to say for Lamb, the kindest for Carlyle, the most pitying for Pope, the most charitable for Burke and the most admiring for Dr. Johnson. Milton looks out from his pages with new virtues, Falstaff with fresh jokes, and Browning with noble human majesty. The author is a man fit to read their works, and to write of them, because he brings to his work no carping, no littleness, no envy.

"Ballades and Rondeaus," how fascinating that sounds. Here are triolets, ballades, villanelles, Rondels, virelais, chants royals, a book to have with you all summer long. Many of Dobson's famous triolets are collected here. Do you remember this one?

"Rose kissed me to-day,
Will she kiss me to-morrow?
Let it be as it may.
Rose kisssed me to-day.
But the pleasure gives way
To a savour of sorrow;
Rose kissed me to-day—
Will she kiss me to-morrow?"

Madge Robertson

Our English Letter.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

LONDON, May 18th, 1892.

Here I am, back again in dear old London, and I am glad to find that things are looking rather more lively than when I went north for my short visit. May is with us, and you know we expect all sorts of delightful events to take place in May. Slowly but surely all the royalties are returning to England. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught and the Duke and Duchess of Fife are already in town, and the Prince and Princess of Wales and their family will return this week. The Queen is now in Darmstadt, where she has gone at the solicitation of her grandchildren; she will not remain quite a week, and, according to our daily papers, matrimonial projects will occupy much of her time while there. The Empress Frederick and Emperor William are to stay in Darmstadt during the Queen's visit, and both will doubtless assist in these aforesaid projects. The newspapers are by no means agreed on the subject of the royal betrothals; from one we learn that Princess Marie of Edinburgh is to be betrothed to the Crown Prince of Roumania, while another assures us that this match was stopped by the Emperor of Russia at a very early stage in the negotiations. It is a commonly accepted fact that Princess Victoria of Edinburgh is to be betrothed to the Grand Duke of Hesse, and our most reliable papers have settled that Prince George shall marry Princess Alix of Hesse. One of the leading Provincial papers has had temerity enough to publish, on "good authority," that the official announcement of Prince George's engagement to Princess May will shortly be made. Such an item of "news" must be excessively irritating and annoying to all members of the royal family. Surely good taste should forbid the publication of such rumors. A rumor such as this reminds one of the Court of Claudius, in Hamlet's time, rather than of the Court of a Queen who has ever been so faithful to a memory. There has actually been a plot quite recently against the life of the poor little baby King of Spain. One cannot help feeling renewed sympathy with Queen Christina, for, besides her constant solicitude about her beloved little son's health, this ever-present danger to his life from political motives must be a cause of constant grief and anxiety. We have been hearing a good deal lately about the Czarina of Russia; in many respects she seems in character exceedingly like her sister, the Princess of Wales. Of course she is never free from anxiety on account of her husband's safety. He, being a Russian, is very superstitious, regards her as his protecting spirit, and will go nowhere without her. She is also a devoted mother, and has now gone to the Caucasus to be with her second son, who is again in a bad state of health. There has been quite a small excitement lately on the woman's suffrage question. I consider the matter as practically settled—at any rate for some time to come, for not only has the bill not passed a second reading, but Mr. Gladstone has plainly shown his violent opposition to the measure, and there are many arguments in his letter on women's suffrage which, I take it, cannot be effectually answered. Is it not perfectly true that at present the great majority of women are either quite indifferent to the question or hostile to it? As to myself, I must plead indifference. Will you think me very old-fashioned or un-English if I say I cannot feel much interest in politics? Have you ever been to the new gallery? What a charming place it is, with it's square hall, cool fountain among flowers, the sculpture and the pictures. There was a private view of the spring exhibition a few days since, and, according to my usual habit on such occasions, I noticed the ladies and their gowns more than the pictures. What pictures I saw I did not care much about; there is nothing very new or very attractive, either in subject or treatment. Of course, all the best artists reserve their best works for the Academy, and I am looking forward to a treat next week. With regard to the dress and fashion at the new gallery, as a dear old friend of mine used to say, "It was much of a muchness"—very plain skirts with demi trains, large hats or very small bonnets and the ugly sacque coats. One gentleman remarked, "The only figures to be seen are in the pictures." I find most gentlemen think the loose jackets with full sleeves now so much worn "are not neat, and want taking in somewhere." By the way, I hear there were no less than 12,000 pictures sent to the Royal Academy for exhibition this year. Only about 1,500 can be hung, so just think of all the disappointed men and women who are the unhappy possessors of rejected works. And why do so many send year after year? Surely, it must be a well-known fact that, it is of little or no use to send a picture to the Royal Academy, unless you have a friend in some way connected with it. Of course none of the pic-

tures are really seen; those by artists, who are at all known, are not mixed with the "unknown," but put in a place by themselves, for future consideration. The multitudes of "unknown" are passed in review before the members of the Hanging Committee, and I am told there is a continuous stream of men carrying pictures, faces outwards, passing as quickly as they can go. I should not call these pictures fairly "judged," should you? And yet so great is the confidence of the English public in the Hanging Committee of the Royal Academy, that unless you exhibit at the annual Exhibition, you cannot paint at all. I promised to tell you something about the spring fashions; they seem to be pretty definitely settled now. Well, we unfortunate women are still condemmed to act the part of scavengers, gowns must be quite on the ground, and as simple and clinging as possible; woe to those who have not good figures. Our wiser Parisian sisters are already tired of the demi-train for the street, and are having walking gowns quite to show the feet. There is a revolution with regard to bodices, hardly any are seen reaching below the waist, and if they do it must be only in coat-tail form at the back; they have all revers, full fronts, or pleated frills round the shoulders. As I told you in a recent letter petticoats are now an important item in a lady's dress, they should be of silk or fine alpacca, matching as much as possible the shade of the dress, and for evening muslin with lace flounces. It is really quite an art to raise the skirt, when walking in the street, so as to display just enough of the petticoat, and no more; I would suggest that some of my fair friends should practice this art at home before their mirrors, they would then see that there are ungraceful, as well as graceful, modes of holding up one's gown. As the season advances we are to have short and three-quarter length lace mantles, drooping from the shoulders, and very elegant some of these Parisian mantles are, but of course they will be most suitable to tall, slim figures. So far as fashion is concerned, our tall, slender sisters seem always to have the best of it, do they not? It is not quite fair, I think, for tall people are in the minority, in England at any rate, now-a-days.

There is any amount of variety to be found in the shape of hats and bonnets this season. I hear the modistes in Paris are all endeavoring to introduce large bonnets, this will be a happy thing for some folks who are no longer in their first youth and whose faces are no longer so small and delicate as they once were, for what looks worse than a very small bonnet perched on the top of a very large head and face? So far English bonnets are small and mostly of open bead-work or gauzy lace, small ostrich tips are the favorite trimming with *bebe* ribbon or flowers. Hats are large with wide brims in front and closely turned up at the back, in many cases they have exceedingly small crowns set far back on the head and which are like nothing so much as those tiny hats sometimes worn by the niggers on the sands. This is quite a season for ribbons and lovely some of the new ones are, especially the shot and figured ones. I have seen some sweet simple hats of black chip, with merely a large bow of this shot ribbon on the left side and a twist around the crown. Later on we are to have the ever pretty lace hats with profuse trimming of feathers and flowers. Speaking of hats I am glad to be able to tell you of a new invention for fastening on hats, for I am sure you as well as most women folk must have found out the unsatisfactoriness of pins. Pins are no use in a mild breeze even, and then how they destroy the hat and ribbons. The new "patent fasteners" are merely strong, short, crinkled hair-pins, there is a hole at one end of the pin by which it is attached to the brim of the hat near the hair, the other end being made fast to the hair. A word about children's fashions. I cannot say I admire them, but then you see I have peculiar views on the subject. I do like to see a child prettily and simply dressed and looking as if her or his clothes were no impediment to their enjoyment and the free use of their limbs. This season the little creatures look just as if they had stepped out of an old picture, their cloaks hang full from the shoulder yoke and almost touch the ground, the sleeves are full and gathered into a narrow band at the wrist, their bonnets fit the head as tightly and smoothly as possible and are mostly bordered with fur or a ruche of silk. It is to be hoped that when the really warm weather comes they will be allowed to wear something more comfortable as well as becoming. If we must be the slaves of fashion ourselves why should we make our children the same? Surely they should enjoy their liberty in this respect as long as possible. I am really quite sorry to hear that it is becoming the fashion to dispense with the, to my mind, ever charming damask table linen for dinner and to substitute the "mahogany" only. I sincerely hope it is only a passing "fad" which will not last long, for it is next to impossible for a dinner table to look well with only the mahogany for a background. I saw one dinner table the other day which somewhat surprised me, however, but the effect could only be obtained when daffodils are in season, for no other flowers harmonize so well with the polished wood. The centre of the table was arranged with soft billowy chiffon and silk to match the two shades of the flowers and the dishes stood on mats of the same soft material.

There is to be a grand wedding to-morrow, that of the Hon. Mildred Sturt with Viscount Chelsea, eldest son of Earl Cadogan. If other engagements will permit, I shall try and find standing room, that I may give you a description of what is considered one of the most important weddings of the season.

The International Horticultural Exhibition is to open next week, and Col. Cody or "Buffalo Bill" and his "Wild West" will be one of the greatest attractions. He was extremely popular with all classes during his first visit to London five years ago, it will be amusing to notice if the fickle public has forgotten its old favorite. These annual exhibitions have become quite an institution, and it is not to be wondered at, for although the exhibitions themselves may not be very good, the grounds around the city are exceedingly pretty and well laid out. Certainly there is no pleasanter way of spending a summer evening than in strolling around these same grounds and listening to the excellent music provided by the different London bands. This year we are promised great things in the way of flowers, and the arrangements of the gardens, so I expect the exhibition grounds will be more patronized than ever. I think in this nineteenth century of ours there is a general very great fondness for flowers, or is it merely that flowers are the fashion? Certainly we are more profuse in the floral decorations of our homes than our grandmothers were, if we may judge by the pictures of the early years of the century, in none of the pictures of interiors do we find flowers of any description, unless it be horrible specimens under glass shades. We have discovered how much can be done with the help of flowers and how the introduction of a few palms and ferns will transform the whole aspect of a room, be it the most simply furnished or most gorgeous apartment. But I am quite forgetting that I promised to tell you something about York and its fine old minister this week. I have a little sketch of the minister which I must send you next time with the promised description as this letter has already exceeded the usual limits of my weekly budget. The Great Labor Demonstrations have become, it would appear, an annual fixture. This year the first of May falling on a Sunday, the gathering of workers took place in Hyde Park. Happily in London there was no fear of a disturbance, but in Paris matters were different. There has been another dynamite explosion in the gay city, and this time one man was killed and several injured. The act is said to be purely one of revenge, as it was the restaurant belonging to the man who informed against the anarchist Ravachol which was wrecked and the explosion had the desired result, for the proprietor was the man killed. I think altogether, Parisians are having a somewhat unquiet time just now.

I have just heard that the Prince and Princess of Wales and family are now in Paris on their way back to England, they only remain a few days however and are preserving the strictest *incognito*.

AGNES KNOX.

My recipe this week is one which I can strongly recommend, *poulet a la creme*. Stuff a young fowl with veal stuffing, truss for roasting, put some dripping over it and place it in the oven for ten minutes, then baste it well, cover it thickly with baked bread crumbs and lay over the breast a slice of fat bacon. Bake for half an hour and serve with the following sauce: Put the yolks of two eggs into a pan with two tablespoonfuls of any approved sauce, 3 tablespoonfuls of cream, one and one-half ounces of butter, salt and a little cayenne pepper, stand the pan containing this in a larger pan, containing boiling water nnd stir it all with a wooden spoon until it is as thick as cream, and serve.

Annie Vaughan

Prominent Canadian Women.

No. 10.—Agnes Knox.

It would take a deep draught of Lethe to make me forget the first time I met Agnes Knox. It was in the old university, in a room which had been assigned as dressing-room, reading-room and general bemoaning-room for the girls who had come to write at matriculation. This was in the old time before the flood; rather, it was just when the heavens were opened and the rain was descending that was to drown the abominations of the barbarism that excluded women from the seats of highest learning. That is all past now, and we antediluvians, long tossed upon a watery waste in an ark which we sometimes feared might prove unseaworthy, live to rejoice in a smiling new world, and to tell to the young post-deluvians springing up about us the terror-fraught tale of the past.

After I had been led to this room I glanced around me. A glance sufficed for the girls with the note-books, half a glance for those at the mirror, But over in a corner I saw a tall figure, a knot of hair "yellow like ripe corn," and a pair of eyes

* * * Deeper than the depth
Of waters still'd at even.

I went to that corner at once, and unceremoniously introduced myself to the owner of those properties.

"I am Agnes Knox," she said, but before the conversation had made further headway the awful clang of the great bell sounded, and we filed into Convocation Hall.

Some years have gone by since then and the name Agnes Knox, then unknown to fame, has become familiar to all Canadians, to many (other) Americans, and to not a few Europeans. It is unnecessary to say much here of her life, and at any rate it seems a kind of profanity to give publicity to the private life of a popular favorite, especially in the case of a woman. That she is a Canadian, that her home is the town of St. Mary's, that she is a distinguished graduate of the Philadelphia School of Elocution and Oratory and an undergraduate of our Provincial University, that she has been on the professional stage for four or five years, and has during that time succeeded in winning applause from audiences of every type, from the hyper-critical *litterateurs* of Mrs. Humphrey Ward's drawing-room to the rough miners of our Pacific coast, are details which any one may know. There are some other things—some quite interesting things—I know, but I mustn't tell.

No artist has a higher ideal than Miss Knox has. Her art, she insists, has a higher aim than merely to please. I think nothing in Professor Young's philosophy impressed her more than his persistent denunciations of that shallow empiricism whose ethical end is merely pleasure. She used to come into his lecture-room often—when the post-diluvian days came—and was one of the most enthusiastic disciples of the grand old teacher. "Every elocutionist should be a moral teacher," she has often said. "Pleasing an audience should only be a means, never an end."

Sometimes this ideal carries her perilously near failure, I think; or, at least, robs her of the greater measure of popularity that she might in some places gain if she lowered her standard occasionally. It is always the best and most cultured people in her audiences who get most pleasure from her recitals. She excels in the interpretation of really difficult things in literature. Scholarship is, after all, one of the essentials of the good elocutionist. No amount of voice culture or stage trickery will take the place of real, scholarly appreciation in the case of such poetry as Shakespeare's or Tennyson's. It is in this respect that Miss Knox has an advantage over many professional rivals.

The common saying that the power of working hard is the chief element of genius is exemplified in her care. I never knew a harder worker. When one hears her read a selection it seems to be done so easily that one never dreams it took much time to prepare it But months are spent over every fresh selection. The "Parting o Arthur and Guinevere," perhaps her masterpiece, was evolving itsel from her brain for about two years. Once I was seized with the craze—who has not been?—to become a reader, and asked her to teach me a "piece." I never finished learning it. So much time each day for breathing exercises and voice exercises (causing so great an alarm in the neighborhood that the police were set to watch the house) and then so many weary hours at "conceptions."

"It is only for labor, you know," she said, "that the Gods give all good things."

"But is the fame you may win," I asked, "worth all the labor?"

"There is more than fame in the good things," she answered, "but even fame is

* * * The spur that the clear spirit doth raise,
(That last infirmity of noble minds)
To scorn delights and live laborious days."

NELLIE SPENCE.

[The above, written by a dear friend of Miss Knox, will be thus doubly interesting.—ED.]

In this series have already appeared:
No. 1—Lady Stanley.
" 2—Hon. Mrs. Dewdney, Ottawa.
" 3—Hon. Mrs. Herbert, Ottawa.
" 4—Miss Marjorie Campbell, Toronto.
" 5—Miss Pauline Johnson, Brantford.
" 6—Agnes Maule Machar, Kingston.
" 7—Mrs. Emily Nelson, Victoria, B. C.
" 8—Madame d'Auria, Toronto.
" 9—Lady Tilley, Ottawa.

Perfume Your Wardrobe.

The delicate odor of violet or sandal-wood that clings to women's frocks nowadays is either subtle and fascinating or else vulgar. There is no middle ground. To be the former it must be as mysterious in its comings and goings as the wind itself—no drop of essence, no matter how delicate, must produce it. Essence is for the eyebrows and ear-tips alone. Sachets thrown anywhere and everywhere in the bureau drawers must make every undergarment fragrant, and wherever the dressmaker elects to put a layer of wool wadding there must a sprinkling of powder find a resting-place The perfume once chosen should be the same always, till it becomes a part of the personality, and is as much associated with one as her favorite color. Have something distinct and characteristic, like sandal-wood or sweet-lavender. This last is always acceptable, and never grows heavy, even in a warm room. Get the flower, if possible, and make up a lot of big cheese-cloth bags full, and have them around everywhere. Sweet clover is odd and refined. Have bags of it hanging in your wardrobe all the time. Enough can be gathered on a summer afternoon to last all winter, and there is nothing so little apt to pall on one's friends. Keep it in your paper drawer as well, and let the letters bring a breath of summer all the year round.

Written for the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.

A Bunch of May Blossoms.

I walked through the lanes in the country,
On Nature's green carpet so new;
Here and there grew a sweet little flower,
Whose lips had been kissed by the dew.
I paused, as I walked 'long the roadway,
O'ershadowed with tall waving pines,
And I listened—the notes of the song birds
Recalled my thoughts of far, distant chimes.

I plucked from a tree by a gateway,
A branch of May blossom so white,
Beside, bloomed a sweet little primrose,
Whose petals unfold with the light,
But I cull'd it—that pretty wee flower,
With my blossoms I carried it home,
Away from its many companions
To my cot by the wild sea foam.

I gathered a fern by the wayside,
Little corn-flowers too, I espied,
So I plucked them, along with the others
So sweet did they look, side by side—
The May blossom next to the corn-flowers,
Then the pretty wee primrose and fern;
To complete the boquet I sought grasses,
Which grew on the banks of a burn

I sauntered along with my flowers,
So pretty and innocent they;
While I gazed at the one and the other
I thought—Oh! how lovely is May.
I fastened them then with a ribbon,
Which I took from my hair—it was blue;
I carried them home, for 'twas evening,
And my flowers had been kissed by the dew.

HAZELKIRK.

Written for the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.

"Dolly a Memory."

By H. E. D.

Chapter I.

INNER parties are rare events at York Factory. Once a year only, do the combined forces of her Majesty's Most Honorable Hudson Bay Company turn out in gala attire, to eat, drink, and be merry. And on such high and notable occasions, we know to a nicety Dolly and I, every detail of the entertainment.

First, I say, running over the list, "father will lead off with Lady Kilgrath, which honor is always accorded her in consideration of the defunct Kilgrath having been at one time Governor of the Company."

"And it goes without saying," breaks in Dolly, with an assurance born of long experience, "that she will wear the purple moire antique, a funeral head-dress of nodding ostrich plumes, and a mourning hair bracelet to which she will be sure to allude before dinner is over, and as it is not a case 'where with long use her tears are dry.' She will weep copiously, and father will console her by telling her he is better off. So are we, for that matter, he might add, since father stepped into his shoes."

"Then," I proceed, "Colonel Campbell will follow up with the eldest Miss McGillvary, 'mutton dressed as lamb,' and I predict that it will be upon one of these festive occasions, that the Colonel will succumb, and the eldest Miss McGillvary will cease to exist."

"Then it will be only because 'black death veils her eyes,' as they say in Homer," returns Dolly with scornful dissent. "But to return nearer home have you any idea whom fate intends for me?"

"Why, Dick, of course," I reply, slightly amazed at the question, "it is my lot that trembles in the balance, but I think I can describe the new man beforehand by intuition. He is a French engineer, you know, a member of Liecole Polytechnique, middle aged and short, with a heavy, grizzled moustache, sharply waxed at the ends. In all probability he will wear a single glass, through which he will survey your humble servant, with outward admiration and inward scorn, and a ribbon of some honorable, though unknown, order will adorn his buttonhole. He may even condescend to bestow upon me during the repast, a few ancient and well turned compliments, which not being gifted with the power of brilliant *repartee*, will cover me with confusion as with a garment. But when he returns to the seclusion of his own room, he will say with a yawn, *Sacre Chien!* that affair was a trick."

"Then since you have decided that you will both be mentally bored, why not hand him over to me?" says Dolly with suspicious eagerness.

"But what about Dick?" I return, considerably dismayed at the proposition, "he will be so very disappointed you know, he has been looking forward to taking you into dinner."

"That is just it," replies Dolly, slowly, "he always expects to be with me everywhere, and to tell the truth Nan, I am tired of Dick. Wait a minute," she goes on, before I can find voice to reply, "I know exactly what you are going to say, 'he is a dear, good boy,' and I suppose what the world calls an eligible *parti*. But all this unceasing devotion wearies me to death, and what makes it worst of all is that everyone seems to take it for granted that we belong to each other."

"Then you mean to throw him over," I say with a gasp.

"If you choose to call it that," returns Dolly, coolly, "though I cannot see that I am to blame, if Dick Carmichael chooses to delude himself with ideas that never had any foundation except in his own imagination, and now!" with a sudden change of tone, "you will take him off my hands for one night won't you dearest?"

"You will repent it," I say warningly, "and probably find the Frenchman many shades worse than I painted him."

"Age cannot daunt me," returns Dolly, valiantly, "neither can stupidity or ugliness, all I crave is indifference."

Chaptrr II.

As we file into dinner, I catch a glimpse of Dolly, but truly my ideal Frenchman dwelt only in my imagination; very unlike the reality with his young, dark, clear cut face, and gay audacious blue eyes, that are looking down, now filled with admiration, at the pretty face beside him, with its crown of gold-brown hair. Such a bewitching, vivacious Dolly, with red lips parted with laughter, and eyes alight with mirth. And as he catches sight of them, Dick's boyish face darkens, and his answers to my questions grow so distant, that I am at last reduced to silent observations upon the people who sit around.

"The forty feeding as one." Lady Kilgrath has not yet arrived at the lachrymose stage, and is discussing a *paste de fois gras*, with the leisurely enjoyment of an epicure. The combined effects of heat and champagne have added materially to the naturally real hue of her complexion, causing me to make an inward resolution on the spot, that if my countenance ever arrives at that rubicund state in the years to come, never to wear a gown that harmonizes with it so painfully well. Perhaps though she goes on homeopathic principles, *similia similebus curantur*. Miss McGillvary is attired in a pink frock, and really looks quite pretty, a fact that the Colonel has not failed to observe, for never before have I seen him half so devoted, so that I really will not be surprised if matters come to a climax this very evening, notwithstanding Dolly to the contrary. That is if old Macdonald, the chief factor, does not spoil sport, by continually interrupting their conversation. He has taken in Mrs. Hamilton, our Bishop's wife, and being an exceedingly profane old reprobate, has told, I fear, his plain unvarnished tale, regardless of his auditor, for that lady has turned her back upon him as much as is possible under the circumstances, and is gazing in marked disapprobation at Dolly. Presently, however, curiosity gets the better of her indignation.

"Can you tell me," she inquires, in a chilly tone, of her offending partner. "Who is the young man with whom Dorothy Howard is conversing, in that forward and boisterous manner."

"Gad, they do seem to be enjoying themselves," returns the old fellow with a chuckle, putting up his glass and surveying the offending pair. "His name is Raoul de Beaufour, his father Count Guy belonged to the Chasseurs, used to know him in Quebec fifty years ago. Fine fellows those Madam, none of your goody, good milksops, who hardly dare call their souls their own, with their White Cross Leagues, and temperance societies. Gad Madam, if I had a son he should sow his wild oats like a gentleman, or I would disown him, time enough to settle down to dealing out soup and flannel petticoats, when one reaches our age."

But alas! a wall of heaving, black satin again confronts him, and to the back of a head, bristling with wrath, and righteous indignation, he must address all further conversation. Were it not for the look of utter misery in Dick's grey eyes, I could have found the company intensely amusing, as it is I am glad when the affair is over, and I find myself in my own room, where Dolly and I, in dressing gowns and slippers, go over the thing from start to finish.

"I thought it perfectly delightful," says Dolly with a tired little sigh of content, as she lies back in an arm chair, and clasps her hands behind her head. "Didn't you Nan?"

"I can't say that the wild hilarity of it went to my head," I return cooly, "my most lasting remembrance of it will be a stiff neck which I have acquired from somebody's leaving a window behind me open."

"Now, don't take that aggressive tone if you love me," continues Dolly, pleadingly, "because when you get into that mood you always shut the flood gates of my conversation, and I have so many interesting things to tell you."

"Well, go on!" I say in a slightly mollified tone, "but let me tell you before hand, that I don't admire the new man, and you evidently do."

"I told him about your description of him," returns Dolly with a gay laugh, "and it amused him immensely. He is coming over to-morrow to meet you; he has taken Jack Bellhouses shanty, so fortunate it was empty he says, because it is only about a mile from the fort, and he wants to come over often."

"I wish it were fifty," I reply, indignantly, "and I hate foreigners, especially Frenchmen."

Chapter III.

Nearly four months have elapsed since the night of the dinner, and winter is almost over. When to justify the old Italian proverb that "Women and weather are things never to be depended on." The worst storm of the season breaks upon us. At four o'clock it has grown quite dark and the wind has risen to a perfect hurricane, inky black clouds are driven across a leaden sky and the forest moans and shivers before a blast in which the largest pine trees bow like sapling.

As I stand by the window watching the progress of the storm, our Indian servant Batish comes in and enquires with an anxious face, whether my sister has returned, and then I remember for the first time, that immediately after our early dinner, Dolly started off with the dog train.

"*N'inquietiez vous Mamselle*," continues the kind-hearted fellow. *Avec deux chiens comme arfvolant et Luna, Elle ne peut fait mal.*" But as in mockery of his word, the wind shrieks round the building, making every window rattle in its casement and my heart grows heavy with indifinable dread.

Suddenly a thought strikes me, Raoul de Beaufour has not been to the Fort for ten days, and we heard he was ill, perhaps she has gone over to hear how he is. The distance is nothing, as we have often gone much further on snow shoes, and the dogs would know their way home blindfolded, but to be out in the forest alone in this storm and darkness.

But even as we watch, the keen eye of the Indian has discerned a black object coming swiftly across the snow, and a moment later he is out in the tempest cheering on the dogs.

It is not until she is lying in her own room, heaped with rugs and furs which I have piled upon her, that Dolly at last opens her eyes.

Such a wan white face, with woeful eyes that gaze up desolately into mine. "He has gone," she says wearily, "back to France; something told me I should never see him again, and I had to go. You are not angry Nan?"

"Angry, oh my darling; but I only gaze dumbly at the face from which all the youth and gladness has fled forever."

"He left last week," she continues, quietly raising herself on the pillow, and gazing steadily out into the darkening night. "But you must not blame him, Nan; he left a letter explaining everything. You may read it if you will."

Mechanically I take the paper from the small chill hand, and note as a thing to be observed, the crest of pierced heart, with the motto below in old Norman French, "Und foy, und roy, und amoy." "Hearts dearest," it runs "forgive me that I dare not say farewell, but one sight of your sweet face, and all my resolution to say adieu would banish. Years ago I was betrothed to my cousin, the Countess Marie Louise de Chamfret, who is now completing her education in France. This year it will be finished and the month of May is fixed for our marriage. You will never know the terrible struggle it has been to leave you like this; but even if I had thrown honor to the winds I would not only have ruined my own prospects, but also those of my younger brothers and sisters to whom my marriage will be of material advantage. You I suppose will marry the young Englishman, who is so devoted to you, but sometimes in your happiness give a thought to one who adores you hopelessly and forever. Raoul Guy de Beaufour."

Such a poor, pitiful, letter to break a heart! but she holds out her hand feverishly for the paper.

"He could not help it you see," she says patiently, and after all, with a wan triumphant smile, "It is me whom he loves, no matter whom he marries."

Chapter IV.

Years have passed away since that dreary winter day, and life at York Factory, is now only a memory of a long dead youth. In a crowded London drawing-room, some one is singing a gay French chancon, and as the words ring out, the scene before me fades away, and in its stead rises an old storm fort belted round with dark pine trees, which far away stretching into illimitable distance ripples and gleams the blue waters of the pacific. And the old refrain is sung by lips that have long been hushed to silence. Oh, my Dolly, very peaceful is your rest on that far off lonely shore, where the pines moan endless requiem over the quiet young sleeper whom the sorrow of "this weary unintelligible world" will never more oppress. But to-night I hunger for the vanished face, and the sound of the silent voice.

Have I confered back the days of old, for as I look up with eyes dim with tears, there rises before me a bronzed familiar face, a face that belongs to the past, Dick! I say, stretching out eager hands half fearful the vision will vanish, "And so I have found you at last," he says, leaning back against the wall of the alcove, when I am seated. "For the last two weeks, ever since I heard that you and Mayor Pemberton had arrived in England, I have been searching for you everywhere, haunting clubs, theatres, and crushes great and small, that is what brought me here to-night for this sort of thing looking round the crowded room is not much in my line."

"I heard of your marriage when I was in India," he goes on, "and at Eversleigh, there is a box of huge dimensions, packed with odds and ends of tapestry, and stuff that I have collected for you from all parts of the globe." "But let me tell you," warningly, "that you will never cast your eyes upon it, if you do not give me your solemn promise here on the spot, that you and your husband will come back with me for the shooting season."

"Of course we will, I say gladly, you can't think how good it is to see you again, dear old boy. "By the way, if you live at Eversleigh, you must be Sir Richard Carmichael."

"Yes," he returns, laughing, "the years has given us both a new title Mrs. Nan."

"And when are you going to follow my example," I enquire, curiously, "or have the towers already a mistress?" At my question a dark flush rises to the sunburnt face, and he turns away his head without a word. A moment later as if half ashamed of his brusqueness, he says slowly, speaking with an effort, yes, it has a mistress. You should hear her singing through the halls or see her in the twilight, coming down the old stair-case and sometimes in the evenings, she comes through the shadows a glimmering wreath and slips her hand in mine.

What would I do with a wife when I have Dolly. Oh, loyal, faithful heart whose love neither separation nor death can change. Yet even as he speaks a great pity fills my heart for dying she never gave him a single thought. I know he says simply, as though he reads what is passing in my mind that it was not me she loved.

But now that she knows and can judge between us. I who loved her always, alive and dead, and he who won her heart, only to break it, with as little compunction as one would pluck a flower and throw it aside. I think she will come to meet me as she used to do in dear old days, when she thought she had been unjust, and her arm through mine, and say with the old soft laugh, "Let us maks up dear, and truly I am so sorry. There is a crush at the door and some one is coming in. It is the new French ambassador

a man near me explains to his neighbor, people say he has a wonderful career before him, as his success since he entered the diplomatic service has been simply marvelous, that is his wife with him, an heiress and a beauty, lucky isn't he. Fortune he has certainly found, but happiness he seems to have missed if one read aright that handsome indifferent face, as he passes down the room he looks around, and for one moment my eyes meet those of Raoul de Beaufour if he knew me he gives no sign of recognition, and so we meet this once, "Like ships upon the sea," never to come together again.

Our Weekly Sermons By Celebrated Divines.

Written specially for the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

Giving Our Love to Christ in the Church.

"There will I give thee my love."—Song of Songs, vii, 12.

This is the profession of faith and love made by all who truly love Christ and the Church. It is the sympathetic response of love on the human side to love on the Divine side. The Lord first gave proofs of His love toward us, and here we have a fair illustration of how Christ's own seek to express their love for him.

The relation of believers to the Lord is expressed in the terms of the marriage relationship. The Lord is the husband, believers are the bride, or His wife, and the Church-vineyard is the place in which they give their love to their Husband Lord. The relationship of marriage, as between God and His people, is often asserted by Old Testament and New Testament writers:

"For I am a husband unto you."—Jer. 3, 14.
"I was a husband unto them, saith the Lord."—Jer. 31, 32.
"I will betroth thee unto Me forever."—Hos. 2, 19.
"My beloved is Mine and I am His"—Cor. II, 16.

In order that there may be some clear and distinct grouping of our thoughts this morning in dealing with this great subject we shall ask first:

1. Why ought we to give love to the Lord?
2. Where is it fitting to bestow it?

In answer to the first inquiry it is:

(1) Because He first loved us with a deep, real love.

How do we know that His love to us was deep and real?

Because it was a love that shrank back from no suffering that stood in the way of loving us out of our sin and danger and up to His pure, large infinite life.

Eve, we are told, came from the opened side of Adam. With equal warrant may it be said that the Church came from the pierced side of Jesus.

"We are members of His being, of His flesh and of His bones."

The image of the Church was so stamped on his heart that no sufferings could efface it. Our names were so graven on His hands that even death could not relax their grasp of us. So with Theoctistus of the Studium we chant:

Jesus, name all names above;
Jesus, best and dearest;
Jesus, fount of perfect love,
Holiest, tenderest, nearest
Jesus; source of grace, completest
Jesus; purest Jesus, sweetest
Jesus, well of power divine,
Make me, keep me, seal me Thine.

Jesus crowned with thorns for me,
Scourged for my transgression,
Witnessing through agony
That, thy good confession;
Jesus, clad in purple raiment,
For my evil making payment,
Let not all thy woe and pain,
Let not Calvary be in vain.

(2) Because he loves us to-day; His tender guardianship over us being present proof.

"The Lord nourisheth and cherisheth the Church."

What are we that we should enjoy such constant Divine watch-care? Why are we to Him as "the apple of His eye?" We who are so frail, so changeful, so stained through and through with imperfection, why should the Great Lord think of us such precious thoughts? Truly wrote James Russell Lowell of "The Changeling":

Winds wander and dews drip earthward,
Rains fall, suns rise and set;
Earth whirls, and all but to prosper
A poor little violet.

Oh, my friends, by the dews of our morning, by the blessed light of day, and by the sweet kisses of the night; by all these do we not belong to the giver, and ought not our deep hearts to be full of love to the dear and watching God?

(3) So again do we love him because of the exertion of His purifying power on our behalf.

"By the washing of water by the Word"—that is how the Lord is making us pure.

His blessed word—it has this among its errands—cleansing our minds from evil thoughts, cleansing our hearts from impure feelings, cleansing us through and through, so that we may rise fresh and bright when the glorious morning of our Beloved One shall dawn.

Thank God, then, for the penetrating power of His Own Word! May we more and more put ourselves fully under its pure ministry, and then, at last, we shall see Him whom only the pure in heart can see. One further reason only shall we mention for giving the Lord our love. It is:

(4) Because His love is an everlasting kindness toward us.

"Having loved His own which were in the world He loved them to the end."

Father-love and mother-love are perfectly found in Him alone. Others love us for a time, or with intermittance of affection and regard, but He loves on to life's close; yes, and on into the life behind the veil. There will never come a point or pass in which any child of God will not find in Christ a friend and lover, tender and strong, and such then are some of the reasons why we ought to love the Lord and to give Him proof of our love:

1. He loved us first.
2. He loves us still.
3. He is loving us so as to perfectly purify us.
4. His love for us is limitless in duration.

Such love calls for a response on our side. Love always seeks reciprocity. As all our pleasant fruits are from Him all of us should be for Him. This brings us, then, to the second inquiry, namely:

II. Where is it most fitting that we should bestow our love to the Lord?"

"Let us get up early to the vineyards—there will I give thee my love."

We take it, then, that within the Lord's vineyard is the fitting place for us to present Him with our best services, our loving offices, our love-presents. Let it be clearly understood that the world as well as the Church is a province of the Lord's. A field for service is the world, but none the less strongly should we insist upon it that every pearl found, every gem gathered, every treasure captured ought to be brought into the Church and laid at the Masters feet for service in His home.

Find the plants where you can, but bring them into the Church to flower there, and to beautify the garden of the Lord. Dropping all figures, the truth put plainly is that every one that loves Christ ought to wear his name, and in company with associate Christ-lovers offer themselves in gratitude to His Church.

Those who join this Church to-day, or any other day, Christ wishes to regard as so many love offerings to Him.

You say by what you do, "There I will give Thee my love."

Yours Truly A. McGregor

Since Christ loved the Church and gave Himself for it you in your turn say, "I love the Church and I am ready to give myself for it."

(1) For love's sake, then, we give to Christ our love in the Church.

(2) We may well do so for our own sake also.

If you want to represent Christ in this world you will be helped by uniting with others who confess Him.

In every sphere in life we recognize the value of social aids. Why not in the highest ranges of our lives.

To nourish godly thoughts and to quicken us to Godly living it is helpful to stand in company with others who make that their aim, however far short of it they may come. The children of Christ ought to be in the Church.

But what of the claim of those who say they can live just as well outside as inside?

(3) Then there are those around us who cannot stand well if left alone, and Christ would have us help them by showing them where and how to stand.

"The kingdoms of the world for Christ."

Then there are those in distant lands who need the Gospel of Christ, and we should keep step with the disciples as they go to carry out this great trust.

The work is one as is the inside and outside of the same cup.

The Lord has committed this broad enterprise to men. Upon all who believe on Christ and call themselves Christians He has laid this trust: "Ye shall be My witnesses."

Oh, let us all do our best, seeing that Jesus expects us to do this, and what a great, patient-like expectation it is!

Rev. Archibald McGregor.

Archibald Farquharson McGregor, B. A., Forest, Ont., was born in Scotland. He received his education for the ministry in Montreal, where he graduated at McGill College in arts, and afterwards at the Congregational College there. From early life he was devoted to literary pursuits. For four years previous to his entering college he was a public school teacher in the county of Ontario. Immediately on leaving college he was called to the pastorate of the Congregational Church in Listowell, Ont., where he was much beloved and esteemed. His next charge was in Toronto, in the Spadina Avenue Congregational Church, for a period of ten years. Mr. McGregor has served his denomination in many ways as a member of its Missionary and College Boards. In June of last year he was unanimously and most cordially elected as chairmen for 1892 of the Congregational Union of Ontario and Quebec. This is the highest honor to a minister in the gift of the churches. For the year 1890 he was chosen as President of the Toronto Ministerial Association, a body composed of representatives of all the evangelical denominations. He organized the first Christian Endeavor Society in the Province of Ontario, if not in the Dominion. He labored for years in official duties in connection with the Upper Canada Religious Tract and Book Society, and was a director also of the Upper Canada Bible Society. He has chosen his present field in pastorial life in view of its needs and importance as a missionary district, and his labors in it for the past year have been signally blessed.

In this series have already appeared:

Dec.	26th, 1891:	Rev. Benjamin Thomas, D.D., Toronto.
Jan.	2nd, 1892:	Rev. Chas. Mockridge, D.D., Toronto.
"	9th, " :	Rev. Hugh Johnston, D.D., Toronto.
"	16th, " :	Rev. W. Rainsford, D.D., New York.
"	23rd, " :	Rev. Joseph Wild, D.D., Toronto.
"	30th, " :	Rev. S. M. Milligan, B.A., Toronto.
Feb.	6th, " :	Rev. O. C. S. Wallace, Toronto.
"	13th, " :	Rev. Prof. Clarke, F.R.S.C., Toronto.
"	20th, " :	Rev. S. P. Rose, Montreal.
"	27th, " :	Rev. John Walsh, D.D., Toronto.
March	5th, " :	Rev. Wm. Cochrane, D.D., Brantford, Ont.
"	12th, " :	Rev. H. F. Bland, Quebec.
"	19th, " :	Rev. James Watson, Huntington.
"	26th, " :	Rev. Manly Benson, Toronto.
April	2nd, " :	Rev. John Burton, M.A., B.D., Toronto.
"	9th, " :	Rev. W. T. McMullen, D.D., Woodstock.
"	16th, " :	Rev. Septimus Jones, M.A., Toronto.
"	23rd, " :	Rev. James Henderson, M.A., Toronto.
"	30th, " :	Rev. R. Tiefy, B.A., Toronto.
May	7th, " :	Rev. W. Henry Warriner, M. A., B. D., Montreal.
"	14th, " :	Rev. Thomas Cumming, Truro, N. S.
"	21st, " :	Rev. J. J. Hare, B.A., Whitby.

Odd Days to Go Shopping.

A great many times I have noticed the large number of rainy-day shoppers, and wondered in an indolent way why they couldn't put off their buying till to-morrow or the next day. Often they are well dressed in regulation rainy-day costume, but they never look entirely happy.

One day I was talking with a milliner, who told me that many of her best customers came to her on rainy days, hugging the delusion that there would be no one else around, and that they could have almost all the time there was.

It has been said by dressmakers, too, that many mistaken women sally down and take them by storm on rainy days, and they feel very much disappointed when they find that their thought on the matter was not unique, and that, in fact, they are miscalculated.

That accounts for the busy woman in her trim shopping attire on rainy days. It also explains the look of determination adorning her face on the down-town journey, and the settled sorrow that has crept over it before she reaches her own home and talks to the tired, draggled woman who looks at her from the mirror, and whom she tells quite at liberty to call names if she chooses.

Gas From Crude Petroleum.

The question as to whether gas for fuel and illuminating purposes can be profitably extracted from crude petroleum is one that has been troubling economists who desire cheaper light and fuel for some time, and has been the cause of much experimenting of late. We give here the various processes employed by a Chelsea (Mass.) concern, and which are of an entirely new and interesting nature. The plant consists of a series of three cylindrical retorts, the gas main, a rectifier and a cooler. One of these retorts is an open cylinder, while the other two are provided with a series of diaphgrams from two to three inches apart, through and about which the gas is forced on its course to the cooler and afterward the retainer or storage tank. The crude oil enters the open retort from a tank being facilitated by the pressure of a percentage of water of a certain temperature, which is forced into the latter. In this retort it is instantly volatilized, and simultaneously a volume of air of the same temperature as the vapor from the oil is ejected into the retort, where they both readily assimilate. From this retort the gas passes on to the second retort by way of a five-inch pipe and aided by the pressure of the air. Here it passes through and about the above-mentioned diaphragms, thence to the third and last retort, where a similar performance is in order. It is now a thoroughly fixed gas, and all that remains is purification, which is done in a suitable apparatus, to which the gas is conveyed from the third retort. After being rectified and cooled it passes on to the retainer, where it remains until consumed. All these retort diaphragms, pipe, etc., are sufficiently carbonized, so as to prevent the gas in its passages from contact with any of the metal, thus dispensing with any injury or loss by corrosion or other difficulty. It is claimed that the cost of producing this article is at the minimum rate of that of present methods, and that the above process will prove practical seems quite assured.

Society Doings.

"What the world of fashion is doing."

THE closing meeting of St. Stephens Young People's Association was held in the schoolhouse last Monday evening. A large number attended, refreshments were served and a delightful evening spent by all present.

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THE Grand Reception and Ball given by the Victoria Club, in honor of the Governor-General and Lady Stanley of Preston, eclipsed any public affair of the kind given this season. The decorations of the Rink was beautifully carried out, and everything looked handsome and resplendent.

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THE Victoria Lawn Tennis Club have their ards out for Friday receptions throughout the season. Mr. Lyon Lindsay, brother of ex-alderman George Lindsay, is the Honorary Secretary of the club. The first reception day will be Friday, June 3rd.

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THE Women's Art Club have been holding an exhibit of pictures in their studio in the Canada Life Building. The club, in order to make the exhibition as extensive as possible, invited a number of lady artists residing in different parts of the Dominion and the United States to contribute, with the result that the Cleveland Art League has sent 50 pen and pencil sketches, and New York, Montreal, Buffalo, Portage la Prairie and other distant points are well represented. A noticeable feature of the exhibition is the increase in the number of water colors, many of which are exceedingly good. While no very striking painting was exhibited, a large percentage of the pictures are deserving of great praise. The best, I think being Miss Graeme-Ware's "Study of an Old Man." Mrs. Nichols, of New York, whose excellence as a water-color artist is well-known among the fraternity, sends a peculiar and attractive sketch of a female figure, the coloring of which is fine. The subject treated is the interior of a studio. The lower portion of a large canvas is shown, before which a young lady is seated in an easy natural position. The beauty of the study lies in the harmonious coloring and the artistic manner in which the objects in the background are made subservient to the central figure, upon which the attention is at once rivetted. Flowers and fruit are a favorite subject among the water-colors, Miss Grayson-Smith and Miss Orr being the principal exhibitors, while in oils Mrs. H. E. Dignum carries off the palm with a charming vase of roses. Mrs. Geo. C. Campbell has two charming landscapes among the water-colors, the best being "The Lovers' Creek," a scene near Barrie: a bend of the creek is shown, over which hangs the leafy boughs and foliage of forest trees, reflected with life-like effect on the still waters beneath. Miss Fernie, New York, sends a very clever study of the interior of an old woman's cottage, and Miss Doster, from the same city, four admirable sketches from life. Among the oils, special praise is due to Mrs. Craig of Buffalo, whose masterly studies of animal life are of unusual merit. Miss McConnell shows four praiseworthy portraits and a landscape scene. Mrs. Dignum has among a number of others a study of an old mill in Hollan, which is admirable in every respect, and Mrs. Geo. C. Campbell, another scene from Barrie, which rivals its companion in the water colors. Miss Margaret Ross shows three interesting studies, a spinning-wheel subject which displays originality and a nicely treated group of roses being worthy of special note.

* * * *

MRS. JOHN WRIGHT gave a lovely euchre party last Wednesday evening at 256 Victoria street. About forty guests were present, among whom I noticed: Mr. and Mrs. Osborne, Col. and Mrs. Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. Bristol, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Armour, Mr. and Miss Bolte, Mr. and Mrs. Creelman, Mr. and Mrs. Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Gibson, Misses Arthurs, Janes, Montizambert, Dallas, Leslie, and Messrs. Ricketts, Boddy, Winslow, Boyd, Hoskins, Croil and others.

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THE Ladies' Bicycle Club had a run last week, and presented a fine appearance as they gathered at the corner of Isabella and Jarvis streets. Some of the ladies are expert and graceful riders, and soon all will be the same, if good teaching and great attention can make them so. The two associate members, Mademoiselle Sirois and Mrs. Denison have served their apprenticeship to tumbles and collisions, and are now able to hold the even tenor of their way over almost anything. The club was to have gone to Weston on Saturday, but the rain spoiled the roads and no outing was possible. However, the summer lies before us, and plenty of lovely days for all, whether cyclists or non-cyclists, will soon be on hand.

* * * *

THE Philarmonic Concerts last week were well attended, and those present enjoyed a first-class treat. The "Callirhoe" evening came first, and the Society did themselves great credit by their rendition of the new and difficult programme. On the second evening, Gonnod's Redemption was the chosen Oratorio, and the various numbers were excellently well sung. The sad and descriptive music of the crucifixion, the sublime chorus of the Blessed, and in fact the whole affair was in every way creditable and beautiful. Four handsome young ladies played golden harps and very sweet they looked while doing so, especially one Spanish beauty, whose grace and ability are only exceeded by her exquisite taste and refined manner.

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A VERY pleasant evening was spent by a large company at a conversazione on Monday of last week at the residence of Rev. Dr. Potts, Prince Arthur avenue. A delightful musical programme was provided. Among those taking part were Miss Irene Gurney, Mr. J. W. Lawrence; Mr. W. H. Smith sang "Songs of Delight" charmingly, and Messrs. A. M. Gorrie and F. T. Chambers contributed largely to the evening's enjoyment. Many friends of the host from former pastorates were present. A dainty supper was served, and Mrs. Potts looked after the welfare of her guests in her own happy manner

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MRS. ALBERT NORDHEIMER gave a farewell dance on Monday of last week, which was most enjoyable. Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nordheimer left Toronto on Wednesday, taking their family for a tour in England and the Continent. Sir Alexander Campbell has taken their residence, Kenmore, for fifteen months while they are abroad.

* * * *

AT Mrs. Nordheimer's dance I noticed: Mrs. John Cawthra and Miss Cawthra, the latter looking particularly well in a dainty white gown; Mrs. and Miss Yarker, Miss Yarker wearing a handsome orange silk under black lace; Miss Marjorie Campbell in a sweet gown of pale blue with white *crepon*; Mr. and Miss Small, the Misses Montizambert,, Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mrs. Douglas Armour, in a light and delicate pink gown; Miss Lindsay, in black; Miss Osler, in light blue; Mrs. Barwick, in gray; Miss Minnie Parsons, in pale green silk under black lace; Miss McMicking, Mr. and Mrs. McCullough, Mr. S. Heward, Capt. Macdonell, Mr. Cockburn, Mr. Gordon Jones, and many others, in all numbering about one hundred.

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DR. GRAFTON, of Spadina avenue, has returned from California.

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MR. HUGH JOHN MCDONALD, (son of the Baroness McDonald,) and Mrs. McDonald, spent a few days in Toronto lately.

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MRS. GRANTHAM, of College avenue, is visiting in Washington.

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MR. AND MRS. PERCY RUTHERFORD and Miss Gardner have been staying in New York.

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MR. THOMAS LONG and family have gone to the Continent.

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MRS. MCLEAN, of Nassau street, gave a large dance for Miss Daisy McLean, a beautiful girl from Detroit. Among the guests were the Misses M. Morrison, Thompson, Parsons, Linton, Buck, Temple, Macdonald, Miller, Maclean, McVitty and Messrs. Geo. Hart, A. A. Arnold, Dickson Patterson, F. Maclean, Sweney, Graham Adam, H. Adam, Campbell, Hunter, H. Minty, Merritt, Thorne, J. Clarke, Frank Strathy, Dr. Buck, S. Dennison, Ball, Persse, Goddin, Hutchins and Holcroft.

BELLEVILLE.

Mr. Fred Abraham, city editor of the *Ontario*, a young newspaper man of more than ordinary ability, was quietly married on Wednesday, May 11, at Bay City, Mich., to Miss Maud Charters, a very estimable young lady, and the centre of a large circle of friends in Belleville. The nuptials were celebrated at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. Robert Charters, 112 S. Farragut street, one of the most extensive lumbermen in Michigan State. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. E. E. Castor, presiding elder of the Methodist District of Bay City. The bride was very handsomely attired in cream silk, with natural roses bunched at the throat. After the ceremony there was a wedding supper, and the happy couple left the same night for Grand Rapids, Chicago, Detroit, Woodstock, Toronto and Montreal.

PORT HOPE.

One of the most brilliant dances of the season was given on Friday evening of last week by Mr. and Mrs. Gerrard Hamilton, at their palatial residence, Idalia Park. Mrs. Hamilton, attired in a rich costume of mauve brocade and black lace, was assisted in receiving by her daughter Miss Holden, who wore a handsome gown of pale green silk.

The superb drawing-rooms, reception hall and library, were beautifully decorated and afforded many *tete-a-tete* retreats, while the waxed floor of the ball-room was all that could be desired. Among the guests were: Mrs. Montizambert, Mrs. Patterson, Mrs Passmore, Misses Helen Quay, Phronia Burnham, A. Burnham, J. Passmore, Patterson, L. Patterson, Sowden, M. Sowden, Stanton, A. Patterson, Calcutt, Martin, Smith, . S. Patterson, Deyill, J. Sowdon, Lloyd. Messrs. Green, McGee, Ostler, Francis, Allan, De Witt, Quay, Allan, (Toronto), Stanley Patterson, McDougall (Cobourg) Chsisholm, Smart, Baldwin, Bickford, Stairs, Seagram, Walsh, Broughall, Rogers, R. Brown (St. Catharines) Roger, and many others. The costumes worn by some of the ladies were very *chic*. Mrs Patterson, black silk *en train*; Mrs. Montizambert, silk velvet; Mrs. Passmore, black lace; Miss Corbett wore a handsome Empire costume of old rose bengaline; Miss Burnham was much admired in a stylish gown of white crepe; Miss Helen Quay looked charming in a Swiss robe of cream silk embroidered in gold; Miss Maud Burnham, white and mauve silk; Miss Stanton, a becoming gown of pale blue China silk; Miss Ethel Holden, a dainty gown of pink chiffon; Miss Beatrice Holden looked sweetly pretty in a gown of cream tulle; Miss Mabel Corbett, a Kate Greenaway gown of rich green China silk.

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Mr. R. Brown, St. Catharines, is the guest of his uncle, Judge Benson, Dorset St.

* * * *

Mrs L. L. Quay is spending a few weeks in New York.

Battered Treasures.

Mrs. Adwigger. "I don't see how you can move so often. It must play havoc with your furniture."

Mrs. Parvenue. "Of course it does, my dear, but just think how it adds to my collection of bric-a-brac!"

Literature.

"Great men have been among us; hands that penned and tongues that uttered wisdom."—WORDSWORTH.

With the Magazines.

Was there ever a lovelier children's magazine than *St. Nicholas?* The children of this generation are singularly blest. Here are stirring boys' stories such as "How Rangoon Carried Weight," "After Black Buck in India," and "The Disputed Shinny Match" in the May number. In the same issue is a pathetic little tale with a joyful ending, "The Conspirators," by Emma Sherwood Chester, and one of Tudor Jenks' delightful sketches, "Prehistoric Photography." It is quite as funny as his stories usually are. The continued stories, "Tom Paulding," "Two Girls and a Boy," and best of all "The Admiral's Caravan," keep up their wonted interest. The little gems of poetry scattered through the pages are gems indeed. No mother ought to let her sons and daughters grow up without *St. Nicholas*. It is such a continual joy to them that the pleasure ought, if possible, to be gratified. In *St. Nicholas* one is certain of finding the right sort of humor and the right sort of way of reaching the hearts of the little ones.

It is no exaggeration to say that the *Cosmopolitan* as viewed in the May number is as near perfection as a magazine can be. Under the joint editorships of Howells and John Brishen Walker, this their first issue is more than interesting. A glance over the names of contributors will give some idea of the excellence of the issue. James Russell Lowell, Marion Wilcox, Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, William Wilfred Campbell, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Edgar Fawcett, Sarah Orme Jewett, Theodore Roosevelt, Murat Halstead, Frank R. Stockton—is not this a brilliant galaxy? We know that each of these has something good to offer and we cut the pages with impatient eagerness. Then the editors, Edmund Clarence Steadman, Brandy Matthews, Edward Everard Hale, and W. D. Howells are in their very happiest vein. Our old friends the Roberts and the Campbells appear again in a most delicately humorous and clever farce "Evening Dress." "Asaph" by Frank R. Stockton, is one of the happy efforts of a singularly happy writer. As a thoughtful, entertaining, essentially modern magazine, the *Cosmopolitan* now is in the very formost rank.

Talkative Women.

The talkative young lady is vaguely complimented by her friends as having a wonderful flow of language; but the wary ones keep beyond the reach of its lightest ripple.

Unhappily, her chief theme is the history of her family, which is abnormally talented or beautiful.

There are episodes of her own childhood which also must be told and to which the family's prowess is merely a mild prologue.

Naturally, these reminiscences of a promising past spur her companion of the time—generally a young man—to emulation.

He recalls remarkable evidences of genius which decked with amaranths his brow of youth. He burns to tell them.

He chafes to enter the arena. As she pauses, breathless, he cuts in with:

"Yes, yes; very funny. That reminds me of when I was a little chap about six years old."

"Six years old!" she murmurs, raising her eyes to the chandelier, in the deepest reverie. "When my brother George was six years old he wrote a Spanish poem, which was consid ered very remarkable. He was a wonderful child."

She drops the words out lingeringly, but he sees with horror that she is warming with her subject.

For fifteen minutes George is on the carpet.

Then Harriet's wit is discussed, and a few forlorn instances of it cited.

When the hopeless listener tries to tell "a little thing of my own, you know," he is again ruthlessly interrupted.

What comparison can his petty jokes bear to those of her family?

Then Sam's paintings are brought forward, and Eva's poems.

By that time the young man is conversationally swamped, and sits in listless wretchedness, waiting for the moment's pause in which he may madly rush for his hat and escape.

And while he lives the talkative young lady sees him no more.

Girlhood.

Girlhood is a beautiful season, and it's love—it's warm, uncalculating, devoting love, so exaggerating in its simplicity, so keen from its freshness—is the very poetry of attachment; after years have nothing like it. To know that the love which once seemed eternal can have an end destroys its immortality, and it is thus brought to a level with the beginnings and endings, the chances and changes, the commonplace employments and pleasures of life. And, alas! from the sublime to the ridiculous there is but a step; our divinity turns out an idol; we are grown too wise, two worldly for our former faith, and we laugh at what we wept before. Such laughter is more bitter—a thousand times more bitter—than tears.

Featherstone. "It seems to me strange that Tutter should have worn a dress suit at an afternoon tea."

Ringway. "He had to do it as a matter of necessity."

Featherstone. "How is that?"

Ringway. "He was obliged to go to a full dress dinner afterwards, and after the tea he wouldn't have had strength enough to change his clothes."

Handiwork.

Any question of general interest regarding home decoration will be answered in this column. Any suggestions, contributions or letters from those interested in this department will be welcomed.—Ed.

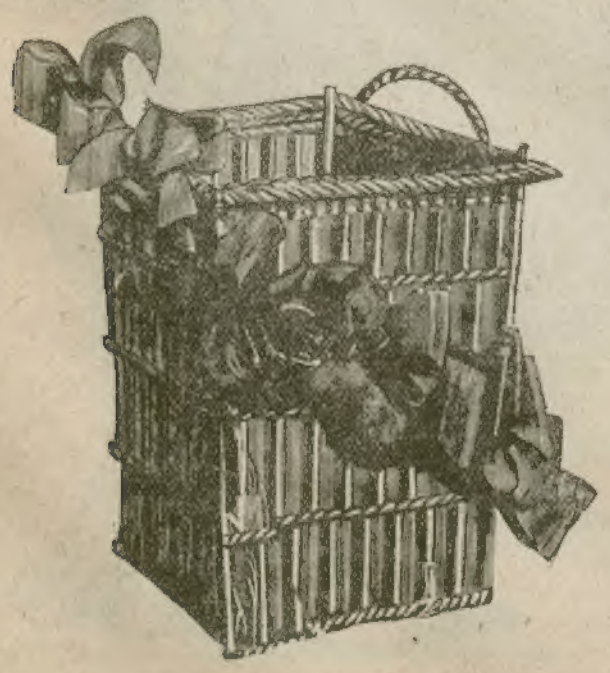
Cretan Work.

Sofa pillows and cushions at present appear to demand the largest share of the needle-woman's attention. And some of them are

CRETAN EMBROIDERY.

indeed dreams of beauty. The prevailing fancy for ease and comfort in home decoration insists upon a generous supply of these cushions strewn about an apartment. A straight-backed chair is immediately made more comfortable by the placing of a pillow against the hollow of one's back, and four or five are not too many to pile up or a divan or couch. Cushions for this purpose should be stuffed with down, because it absolutely refuses to knot up in lumps, but shakes out and fulls up again however much pressure it may have been under. Large couch pillows are frequently filled with a fine quality of feathers, in which case an inner covering is requisite so as to prevent the feather quills from sticking through.

The two illustrations give suggestions for the quaint decorative needlework called Cretan embroidery, which is a very remarkable description of silk embroidery on linen, found only on the island of Crete in the Ægean Sea. In all cases the one stitch predominating in the Cretan work is a kind of very close herring-bone, the stitches being taken in so close a proximity to each other that the effect of a plait or twist is produced. The method of the execution of this stitch is very clearly demonstrated in the small illustration, which shows the needle threaded with four strands of filoselle silk, but occasionally six strands may be threaded to advantage, as wide portions of foliage and the like may thus be more quickly covered. Frequently a heavier, twisted silk is used. The coloring of the square design given includes a deep golden brown, fawn brown, yellow, cream two shades of dull green, and a very lovely tint of azure blue, with an occasional touch of bright red. The bird in the centre is outlined in chain-stitch in fawn brown, with the exception of the eyes and wing feathers, which are outlined with gold silk, the interior portion of the wing being filled in with red-silk satin stitch. The small circular flowers above the bird are likewise in satin stitch, with cream-white centres outlined with fawn brown. The two large flowers are in diverse colors, one having its outer circle worked in green and the other in blue, the little intermediate lines of stem-stitching being of golden brown, and in the centre of the flower-forms white and gold and fawn are judiciously blended. The foliage is brown, green, fawn, and blue, the amount of each color being introuced in rather a haphazard fashion, but in such a manner as to produce a charming result. As to the uses to which Cretan work may be applied at the present day, scarcely too much can be said in its favor as a decoration for tea cloths, table centres, sofa pillows, towel shames, night-dress cases, footstool cushions, head rests, and other articles for which the possibilities of being frequently washed is a consideration. Italian linen is the most suitable material for Cretan work, being pure homespun, and so soft and free from dressing that the needle passes through it without the slightest resistance, while its moderate cost is also greatly in its favor.



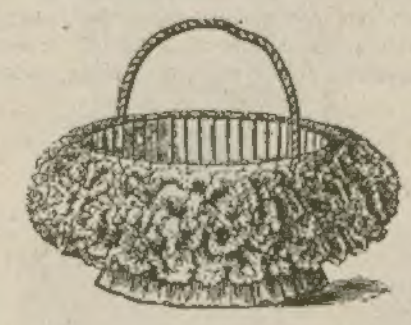
LIBRARY BASKET.

PIE DISH RUFFLE.—Pie Dish Ruffle of crinkled tissue, fluted to form a frill which is slipped over the dish.

TRAVELING BOLSTER.—Cover each end of the roll with a round piece of silk and baste well over on to the cushion; the centre consists of a straight piece of silk which is pulled so hard that the edges bulge a little; cover the seams on the ends with a thick cord and take the ends across like the handles of a traveling bag.

DRAPED OTTAMAN.—The frame is gilded and the top covered with dark red velvet; two pieces, shaped like an envelope flat, of embroidered red satin meet over the plush; the sides draped with fringe and looped with gold cords and tassels.

ORNAMENTAL PHOTO HOLDER.—It is made of a piece of cardboard shaped like a fan, covered with satin and edged with chenille; the handle is wrapped with ribbon and tied with a pretty bow; in the centre of the fan sew an embroidered piece of plush or silk; the little Bulgarian mats are good for the purpose; attach it to the foundation by wide stitching; it is better to do this before covering the fan. The fan may be made of any size desired, and several partitions may be made instead of one.



PIE DISH RUFFLE.

FRIENDSHIP quilts are made of squares of linen or mummy cloth, each one contributed by a friend.

CROSS stitch embroidery is the latest thing; it is used for ornamenting table linen, bureau scarves.

THE "breakfast in bed tray" is a flat tray with slanting sides, which is made in wicker work and is light and suited for the purpose for which it is intended; the linen cover is worked in red or blue cross stitch.

SMALL mirror frames cross stitched in Hungarian embroidery are pretty. There are sideboard and tea clothes with medallions of fine Venetian lace.

A NEW quilt is composed of squares of white linen, upon which Russian designs are printed; the squares are joined together with briar stitching.

AN enormous butterfly with frame of gilded wood and wings of transparent bolting cloth painted to resemble the insect's wings is the newest device in screens.

NOVEL little sachets are made of water-color paper cut and painted to resemble orchids; in the heart of the flower is set a tiny silken bag of the same color containg sachet powder.

A NEW wash silk is the twisted floss embroidery silk, and is made in all the artistic shades; it is soft and lustrous, and looks like the Oriental flosses, being dyed to match the tints of Oriental embroidery.

LITTLE ormolu tables with marqueterie sides and a plate glass top answer the purpose of a small cabinet; they are used as receptacles for the small dainty pieces of bric-a-brac which every woman covets.

A HANGING cushion is shaped like a heart and covered with plush or brocade; it is tied with loops of ribbon and hung at the side of the mirror. It is usually pierced with hat-pins or the little fancy pins so much used.

TO make a ball satchet, take a square piece of crinkled tissue paper, crease it from the centre and fill with cotton wool sprinkled with sachet; fringe the corners and tie with fancy ribbon, pulling the ends well out at each corner.

TRAVELLING BOLSTER.

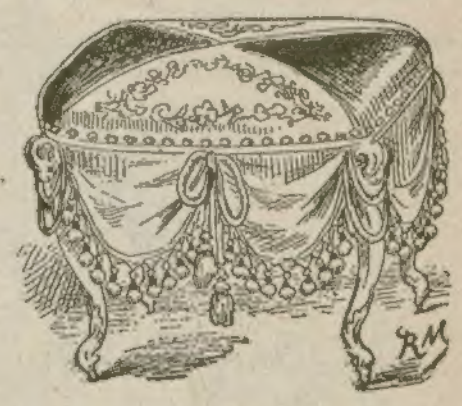
POMPADOUR lace work is a novelty. The foundation is of single thread canvas, made in gold color and blended with tinsel cords; upon this is basted a length of cream white lace, which is attached to the canvas by long silk stitches. The ground work is almost covered with the silk, and the pattern is defined by fine gold cord.

A PRETTY and easily made ornament for the bureau is a glove box. It may be made out of one of the long light cedar cigar boxes; this is neatly covered with silk and lined with silk padded with sachet powder; the sides are covered with fluted lace or ribbon, and the top, which may be used as a pincushion, is filled with hair covered with satin, and over it a small tidy of lace or embroidery.

A PRETTY scrap of fancy-work, and one that will commend itself as being useful when finished, is a handkerchief made of a square of chifion, embroidered in a scallop at the edge with floss silk. Handkerchiefs of this sort may be of various sizes, and are useful to throw over a mourning dress or to wear inside of a colored wrap from which the dye is inclined to rub off.

A GOOD way of preserving roses is to cut them just as they are ready to open, and cover the ends with sealing wax, then wrap each in paper and put away in a dry place; when wanted cut off the sealed ends and put them in a little water with a few drops of nitric acid, on the morrow the flowers will be found opened and will smell as sweetly as if newly plucked.

AN effective flower screen is made out of a humble clothes-horse, to do this the screen must be unhinged and a single panel selected; iron braces are screwed to the legs and a small stand is fastened



DRAPED OTTAMAN.

securely to the side pieces with small braces. A piece of wire netting is stretched from this box to the top of the horse, a strip of the netting twelve inches wide is tacked to the edge of the stand and six inch straps are fastened to the brackets. Potted plants are placed in the box and vines clamber up the wire frame which must be painted green.

BUT for those who are prouder of their fine linen than their tables, there are many pretty ideas in decoration. Four hammocks of gold net-work were slung from a high central ornament to four smaller ones at the corners. These hammocks were filled with lovely La France roses. Another notion is to place a large flat oblong of burnished tin in the centre of the table, concealing its edges with a border of flowers. This has a very charming effect, quite different from either looking-glass or silver. It has the great merit of being an inexpensive form of decoration. Zinc can also be used instead of tin, but the atmosphere acts on it so quicly that it requires burnishing rather frequently.

THE impression of a sunset decoratively painted on glass is particularly beautiful. Japanese fretwork used in the same way would be very light and graceful, and a flight of cranes might be introduced on the glass behind this. There is an excellent way of filling up an unnecessary window, of one that looked out on an ugly view; the lower part was built out into a small alcove, lined with plush with a small shelf running round it, and brackets for china; at the back, a little window was covered with a gilded fretwork, and in front a little space was left which could be filled up as the owner desired; one of the advantages was that light was not excluded from the top of the window or from the top of the alcove, so that it would be especially suitable for the small libraries where the back window looks out on a disagreeable view and yet where light is distinctly needed. Many a spot in houses, now nothing more or less than an eyesore, might be made into pretty nooks, with a little taste and care.

Practical Sayings.

For fruit stains, dip the spots several times in hot milk.

Keep flowers fresh by putting a pinch of soda in the water.

Keep a small box filled with lime in your pantry and cellar; it will keep the air dry and pure.

Prick potatoes before baking so that the air can escape; this wil prevent their bursting in the oven.

Soda is the best thing for cleaning tinware; apply it with a damp cloth and rub well, then wipe dry.

For sore throat, beat the white of an egg stiff, with all the sugar it will hold, and the juice of one lemon.

ORNAMENTAL PHOTO HOLDER.

Fashions.

"What we really want is advice."—RUDYARD KIPLING.

Address letters relating to this department to Editor "Fashions" Ladies' Pictorial Weekly, etc.

Smart Costumes at the Races.

Our artist has sketched several of the prettiest costumes worn at the races. We have reproduced some of these this week and

SUMMER BLOUSES.

shall give the remaining ones in next week's issue. On our front page will be found Mrs. Austin Smith's costume, principally of green faille francais, with white brocaded silk sleeves, train and part of bodice; the lower part of the sleeves, the waist and the edge of skirt and train, being enriched by a silver and crystal ap-

FROCK FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

plique. The hat worn with this was trimmed with pink ribbon and Irish point lace and roses, and set off a very stylish and taking costume. Mrs. Arthur Croil's dress is sketched on this page. The prevailing color pale grey with full sleeves and falling gracefully over the shoulders several folds of Irish lace, which is made use of also for the cuffs, the effect of the whole being heightened by the dainty straps and bows of white ribbon across the bodice and on the lower portion of the sleeves. The other costume sketched on this page is that worn by Mrs Carruthers. It was made throughout in Whipcord cloth and has straps of tan leather and buckles in place of buttons on the front of the dress. The idea is an entirely novel one. Taking the sketches on page 345 in the order in which they come; the first was in Bedford cord with moire silk trimmings and passementerie and was noticeable, for the pleasing novelty in the cut. The next two sketches give the back and front view of the same dress, that worn by Mrs. Matthieson. It was in wool Bengaline, the bodice and lower part of the sleeves being trimmed with guipure Irish lace, which material was also used on the skirt and three festoons of it falling gracefully on the front of the dress. Two bows of shot moire, one on each breast gave additional richness to the appearance of this costume. The next dress was made in camel's hair cloth, the bodice being made up in this and

DRESS OF FANCY SILK, PRINCESS STYLE, TRIMMED WITH RIBBONS AND LACE.

and brown velvet, with a pink silk front. The last two costumes are both evidently tailor-made. The first, worn by Mrs. Melfort Boulton, was in white serge, the braiding throughout being white to match, and had an effect which only good tailor-made gowns can have. The remaining dress was worn by Mrs. E. W. Cox, and is in pale striped worsted, shot with gold in the stripes, the material, which we are unable to reproduce clearly, forming in combination with a stylish cut, a very effective costume.

New Styles in Tailor-Made Costumes.

Although strictly tailor-made dresses must of necessity be somewhat plain and unadorned as compared with other costumes, they still more than hold their own in the fashionable world this season. A great tendency among many ladies' tailors, however, is shown this year, and they are putting greater variety in the cut and adornment of the dresses than heretofore. One of the latest novelties in these costumes is that going by the name of "Eton," the idea being derived from the well-known Eton jacket as worn by the youths of that great English public school. It has many variations in the waistcoat, but if anything we prefer that which most closely resembles the Eton boys' waistcoat and which is certainly more in keeping with the coat than many of the other styles. We saw more than one of these dresses at the races and our artist has sketched one, which is however, unavoidably held over till next week. Another novelty is the one sketched on this page. This is made

MRS. ARTHUR CROIL'S COSTUME.

by Messrs. Stovel & Co., and is an original idea of their own. May we get more ideas of the same description from some of our energetic Toronto houses.

MRS. CARRUTHERS' COSTUME.

Costumes Worn at the Woodbine Races.—(SKETCHED BY OUR ARTIST.)

Cosy Corner Chats With Our Girls.

(This department is edited by Cousin Ruth who will be glad to hear from our girl readers. Address all letters, suggestions, comments, questions to "Cousin Ruth," Ladies Pictorial Weekly, etc.)

SO, Cousin Pattie, we have enticed you in! You are very welcome, dear, and I hope you'll write often. A good many hundred cousins read about you and perhaps some of them will say "I wonder what our new Cousin Pattie is like?" Well girls, as far as I know, she is a hearty, honest, loveable girl, and extra quantity of sense. Isn't that so, Pattie? Away off where you live, dear, what is it like. I have had such charming descriptions from the girls of their homes that I just seem to see them, and I believe yours is a very happy one, but I should enjoy having a real description of it. Just to satisfy the curiosity of Cousin Ruth.

COUSIN Mabel Claire comes with a "mountain of love" for you and me, girls! and she wants Leonora to write to her. (By the way, Maria, why don't you send me your address? How can I forward Susie's letter if you don't? Come now, like a dear girl, don't forget). And so, you poor Mabel, you cannot go to church till the river goes down? Can you look across and see the folks going? What would make it harder! It seems queer to me in Toronto, where you can scarcely throw a stone without hitting a church, to read about your predicament. I am sorry I did not get your letter in time to wish you many happy returns of the day. Is it too late! If not please let me do so, and hope you'll have a good and happy year. You notice I say good, *first*. Well sometimes things that are good for us, are not quite pleasant. I can look back on years that are not what I called happy, but they were "good" years, of discipline, of training, of strengthening. So you long to travel, too! Well, it is great fun, and great benefit and education to one, if one travels sensibly. I don't like rushing about from pillar to post, and with every day's work planned out. Rather is it pleasant to me to loiter here, hurry there, look another and listen in a fourth. And then, one gets much broader ideas, when one travels. If you ever travel this way, Mabel Claire, drop into 192 King St. West, and say you want to see Cousin Ruth. I shall enjoy meeting you. I don't know yet just what I shall do on the 24th of May. It depends on weather, leisure, and several other things. If it is anything real nice, I'll tell you and the girls about it.

JUST in season comes May Flower, with an invitation to go and see her, which I shall accept some day. Yes, my dear, I pass your door several times a week, and I shall take a good stare in next time. Certainly that was my picture, who else dare intrude in our corner? It was taken quite a while ago, but it is the only one I ever had that I liked. Such a good time I had the day I sat for it, at Notman's in Montreal! Teddy was there, Irish, and warm hearted, full of fun and mischief, and Kate was there, so demure in her widow's bonnet and veil. I'll wager they both remember that day. So you are neighbors to the "Pic." eh? Haven't they got a pretty office? They have the nicest editorial rooms in the city; so cosy and neat, with crimson carpet, and comfortable chairs and pretty oak desks, quite luxurious. I am so glad you are getting on well. Success is nice, is it not? Talking about going to Michigan, just you wait a little while, and I will go somewhere a good deal farther than that, then I will have something to tell you about, write again.

NOW Nathalie, how could you ask me to criticise your letter "very severely," and then sign yourself "yours lovingly?" Who could pull a nice girl like you to pieces? Yes, indeed you shall be another link in our golden chain. We don't know what a waste-paper basket is, my dear! Even after the cousins' letters are answered, I don't tear them up, as I do other peoples. They are bulging out of a big pigeonhole in my desk now. If you come up to Toronto, as you threaten, you will be able to recognise Maria's dainty writing, Chic's easy, upstanding letters, and all the rest of the group you have grown to know so well. You'll be there too, of course, and very welcome you are!

HERE is Madam Jean, who has the most original idea of a pleasant evening. She would spend it with Queen Victoria, both hearing and questioning that fine old lady. I don't believe you would enjoy it very long, for you must remember Queen Victoria is getting pretty old now, and doesn't care in any case to go over her past life. She is a very reticent old lady, as most very strong folks are. I am afraid your birthday party will be over, dear Jean, before you receive this. Even if I had answered it as soon as I got it, it would not have gone in last week's paper. I see the birthday is on the ninth, and I am writing this on the ninth, so there you are, you see! In case you don't find out about Dumb Crambo, I'll tell you. First you divide your guests into two parties, one party goes out in the hall, and picks out a word, preferably one with two meanings. As soon as they have settled it, they go in, dumb as oysters, and *act* the word. Suppose it is "pardon" or "free," one must be handcuffed and led in by two guards. Another stands as judge, two more as lawyers. The lawyers nod, frown and go on as if speaking in turn, one is angry and wants the prisoner hanged, the other pleads for his pardon. The judge decides to set him free, and signs to the guards, who unloose the bonds. The prisoner kneels to the judge, shakes hands with the lawyer; then the party draw up in line, for the others to guess what word they chose. They have three guesses, if they don't guess, they must go out and act another word. It is great fun, some of the actions are so comical. Once I was at a party where we could not guess the word, and we went out. When we acted our word they could not guess it, and after all, we found we had all chosen the very same word, only with different meanings! Good-night, cousins all. Your loving

Cousin Ruth

Written for the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

Idle Thoughts of an Idle Woman.

HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

With the enfranchisement of womankind, which is one of the marked features of the nineteenth century, the rights and privileges of the sex are becoming daily matters of importance and discussion. Not only in her own affairs but in those of her husband her independent judgment is to be consulted. He (the male animal) is being slowly but surely deposed from his pedestal of absolute supremacy, his decrees are disputed, his opinions contradicted, his infallibility questioned. Woman now asserts her marital rights, as the letter-opening question lately propounded clearly shows. The oddest arguments are brought to bear upon the rights of husbands and wives to open each others letters. Some consider it a want of mutual confidence between the parties if letters are not, so to speak, had in common; others maintain that a husband's business is a wife's business, and *vice versa*. Some one asked me the other day what I thought about it. The subject is rather a large one, I find, to deal with. It is entirely a matter of habit and circumstances. The question of right and wrong can scarcely be with justice introduced, except in the case of professional men, such as lawyers, doctors or clergymen. Surely it would be wrong for any wife to open any letter addressed to her husband whose purport might be the private affairs of a third party about which he, in his professional character, was being consulted. This would be a distinct breach of faith which, once discovered, would certainly injure the usefulness of the husband. With regard to what may be described as private letters, in my opinion a letter is sacred to the person addressed. I should no more think of violating its seal than of annexing personal articles of my husband without his consent. I am a firm believer in individual rights. The mutual reading of letters received and opened by their owners, containing matters of interest concerning friends and acquaintances is a natural condition of every well-regulated family circle; but I am convinced that restraint would fall naturally upon correspondence if there was any general understanding that letters were common property. If wives and husbands have not sufficient confidence in each other to survive the proof of opening each others letters their marital happiness must be founded upon the sand of suspicion, not the rock of trust. English people, I find, are more generally in favor of letters in common than Canadians or Americans. In this the supremacy of the lord and master, so familiar in John Bull, again asserts itself. It possibly arises from the natural limitations of English country life, where the daily posts are matters of absorbing interest in their connection with the outer world. In remote rural districts of the Dominion and United States, doubtless the same interest is disclosed. Large towns and cities with their May's life, their numerous posts, the daily separation of husbands and wives, the numerous calls of duty and pleasure, all tend to the independence of the individual. The hourly union and contact of isolated regions creates a different phase of existence and eliminates the professional element of the case.

WIVES AND WILLS.

More interesting far, to my mind, than the question of letters in common, is that of the wife's financial position by her husband's will, which I have not yet seen discussed by the Press. How should wealthy husbands dispose of their worldly goods? This matter I have ventilated only privately when the will of a well-known Canadian was discussed who left his money and property entirely to his wife so long as she remained unmarried. With a change of her name went a change of his estate, which then resorted unconditionally to his children. All the ladies present were down upon the husband, except myself. It showed, they said, such a want of confidence in the best of wives. He was a mean, stingy old thing, etc. The opinion was general. I was in a minority of one. My contention was that the husband who left his fortune to his wife conditionallally upon her remaining a widow, did so for her protection. The adventurer who would possibly marry her if wealthy, would refrain from marrying her if poor. The man worthy to be her second husband would be indifferent to her financial position as he would not surely wish to live upon his wife. The husband who had made his money by his own abilities, certainly did not want to leave it to support another man; if anyone were to benefit besides his wife, surely it would be his children. My female friends remained unconvinced and I am told by legal men that, as a rule, there is great objection made to the clange providing for second marriage by every testator when his will is drawn, though it is very usual provision in the wills of lawyers themselves. Query? Should a man of wealth provide for or against his wife's second marriage? Perhaps some of my readers will care to discuss this knotty point.

ORIGINAL GENIUS IN WOMAN.

The wail that goes up perpetually from the great army of unemployed and indignant gentle-women on this continent over the want of work for their idle hands and active brains, may be met by the one word, originality. Be original, ladies, and your fingers will find occupation. Seek ideas and their fulfilment. All the women's exchanges and Work Depositaries tell the same tale. Novelties meet with a ready and rapid sale, while embroidered table scarves and painted china find no market. The inferiority of the feminine mind, so says the socialists, lies in the fact that it can only imitate, never originate. It requires necessity, I read the other day, to force men even to invention. Why will they not demand the same of women. It does, and not always in vain. Quite recently a gentle-woman in need—vital bitter need—of ready money, found herself seeking a source of escape from the pressing necessity. She could paint well, not extraordinary well though, but so well that when on a narrow strip of material three feet long by four inches wide, she colored a row of roses, the effect was charming. This queer narrow picture she happily named "A Yard of Roses." She had done something simple but novel. Both the picture and the name were new. The public was caught by "A Yard of Roses," and bought unlimited numbers of the journal in which it appeared as a colored supplement. Now this same woman might have painted a cardboard picture frame. with infinite care, taste and delicacy, and not earned more than a pitiful 75 cents thereby. Her yard of roses was a creation by which she profited largely. "Yes, madame, your painted satin boxes are very pretty but we can get hundreds of them stamped from the factories any day," said a confectioner. "If you can contrive for us a new and pretty bonboniere I'll buy the design for 100, 200, 300 dollars maybe." The idea struck a clever young women who set about making bonbon boxes in exact imitation of the French paper novels, which have colored lettering on the backs, and a pretty wash drawings of the books author or heroine. This was only an adaptation which may be equally as successful as an original idea; the originality may be applied as in this case to the adaptation. The moment one leaves of imitating and begins originating that moment fame and fortune become probable. Do something new even in the way of decorating a tea cloth, originate a new design for it, select a new material to work the silk upon, a new lace to trim it with, or a new shape to cut it in. Contrive a new menu card, or name card for the guests, or a new idea in shades for hall lamps. The market for ideas is limitless, and the copyright and patent laws were not made for the protection of masculine ingenuity alone.

SPRAGGE E. SPRAGGE.

An Ideal Husband.

90 Is a man who is a Christian, and does not drink nor use tobacco; one who keeps good company and is always in the house early in the evening with his wife, unless important business prevents; one that is always ready to help his wife if time will allow and is always ready to do anything for her if she is sick: one that is fond of children and can amuse them and let his wife rest, one that minds his own business and lets his wife do the same.

91 A temperate, moral, intellectual, truthful, energetic, affectionate, thoughtful. forgiving, christian man, who chooses a wife for her mind and heart rather than face, and waits until sure he has found the right one. Who neither scolds nor laughs at his wife and never contradicts her in public. Who loves home and children and has certain means for making an honest comfortable living. Who is economical but not stingy, and unless wealthy, keeps his life insured. Who understands that women have nerves, need money, enjoy pretty things, and happier for being petted.

92 An ideal husband. A well developed manhood with sparkling intelligence and education, willing to labor with hands as well as head. Loving the Lord with all his heart and neighbor as himself giving a tenth of all his possessions to the Lord. Neither given to strong drink, tobacco, or any other narcotic but loving beauty and purity, keeping the temple (body) pure and undefiled, and vote prohibition, loving his wife as queen of his home. His children will rise up and call him blessed.

93 The ideal husband will strive faithfully to keep the vows he solemnly pledged at the altar—to love, honor and cherish in sickness and in health and forsaking all others cleave only to his wife. He must be a true Christian, kind, sympathetic, considerate discreet, industrious, orderly, generous, a lover of children and domestic life and have an eye for the beautiful in nature and art. He must have a mil and even temper and be somewhat inclined to take life easy. All these virtues, with temperance, soberness and chastity, are required to make the true man—the ideal husband.

Mr. Dolley. "Now, I don't believe in signs."

Miss Flypp. "Well, I do. Now, for instance, there is one I believe in."

It was an ice-cream sign and the young thing's belief cost Dolley fifty cents.

"My barber is a hustler. He's got out a new sign now."

"What is it?"

"Bald heads polished look like new."

"How late the s[illegible] this year!"

"Yes, indeed. E[illegible]ng will be put back, I suppose. I dare say the First of July [illegible] be along much before August."

In The Play Room.

"The childhood shows the man as morning shows the day."—MILTON.

Hazelkirk, editor of this department will be pleased to receive letters from young contributors. Contributions such as puzzles, short stories, poems, etc., will be welcomed. Address "Hazelkirk," in care of this paper.

Written for the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

Go Learn a Trade.

I'll sing you a song to-night,
  And every word is true;
You'll find that every line is meant,
  Young gentleman, for you!
I've no intention to offend
  In what is sung or said—
The sum and substance of it is,
  To go and learn a trade.

Your education may be good,
  But the time is flying by,
Instead of working; don't be fooled—
  The old man may not die;
And if he should, the chances are
  His will may be mislaid,
Or you cut off without a cent,
  So go and learn a trade.

The country's full of nice young men,
  That from their duty shirk;
Who think 'twill crush their pride
  If they should go to work.
Take off your coat (your father did),
  And find some honest maid
Who'll help you make your fortune when
  You've learned an honest trade.

Be temperate in all you do,
  Be faithful to your "boss,"
You'll find the more you do for him
  Will never prove a loss;
You'll find out fifty years from now,
  When fame and fortune's made,
The best stew that you ever took
  Was when you learned a trade.

Answers to Puzzles.

(*From Last Issue*).

No. 1. CHARADE—Level. No. 2. Swain, wine, win.
No. 3. METAGRAM—Goose, moose, noose.

Puzzles.

RIDDLE-ME-REE—I.

My first is in pry, but not in rye.
My second is in ice, and also in spice.
My third is in rate, but not in mate.
My fourth is in sat, and also in rat.
My fifth is in tea, but not in me.
My sixth is in eat, and also in meat.

BEHEADED WORDS—II

1. I am a motion of the eye; behead me and I am part of a chain; behead me again and I am a liquid.

2. I am a fall; behead me and I am a medicine: behead me again and in this state I use the *second*.

BURIED MOUNTAINS—III.

A mass of snow done up to resemble a man.
Is the weather fine? Wet, Nancy, again, I am afraid.

BURIED BIRDS—IV.

I will turn you into a bird with this wand.
I have received very few rents lately

BOSTON, MASS., May 18th, 1892.

DEAR HAZELKIRK:—I have read the "Travels of a Mouse" three times and like it very much. I live near Boston and papa took me to the play the other evening, you may be sure I enjoyed it too; I am ten years old and never saw a play before.

Your loving reader,
MAGGIE.

NEW YORK, City.

DEAR HAZELKIRK:—You don't know what it is to be in New York in the very warm weather do you? We are all going out to the sea-shore for two months to try and escape being burnt up by the heat, and I know we are going to have a delightful time. I know some boys who were out there last season, and the stories they tell about it are more than interesting, so we are off for two months solid fun, when we get back I will write you all about it, until then good-bye. Your sincere reader, BEN M. C.

ESSEX, May 20th, 1892.

DEAR HAZELKIRK:—I have read many letters in your weekly paper, expressing good wishes and the pleasure afforded in reading this interesting PICTORIAL. I think it high time something should be received from me. With the others I can say, I like your paper, I enjoy it, and I trust will always be able to read it as long as it is in print. Now, this letter is not from a little boy you must understand, but a great big one, who, when small, and that is many years ago. Contributed letters, such as Arthur, Charlie and others have written you, to a magazine for little folks we used to take; but, after many years of silence I again return to my childhood days so you may place me on the list with your correspondents.

Ever your reader,
RIP VAN WINKLE.

Webster's Advice.

Daniel Webster, about five years before his death, wrote the following good advice to his grandson. "You cannot learn without your own efforts. All the teachers in the world can never make a scholar of you, if you do not apply yourself with all your might. Be of good character and behaviour, a boy of strict truth and honor and conscience in all things. 'Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.' God has given you a mind and faculties, and he will surely call you to account. Honor and obey your parents; be patient under restraint; look forward constantly to your approaching manhood; and put off every day all that is frivolous and childish."

English Rules.

Every boy and girl should commit the following to memory. It will be very useful all through life:

First, William the Norman, then William his son:
Henry, Stephen, and Henry, then Richard and John;
Next Henry the Third; Edwards, one, two and three.
And again after Richard, three Henrys we see.
Two Edwards, third Richard if rightly I guess;
Two Henrys, sixth Edward, Queens Mary and Bess.
Then Jamie the Scott; then Charles whom they slew;
Then followed Cromwell, another Charles too;
Next James, called the Second, ascended the throne;
Then William and Mary, together came on;
Till Anne, Georges four, and fourth William all part
God sent then Victoria, the youngest and last

Tradesmen Who Became Famous.

George Fox, the eminent scholar, was a good shoemaker, but in addition he wrote a journal that Spurgeon, the great preacher, has declared to be as precious as a gold mine.

John Woolman was a tailor, but he studied until he became a proficient writer, and he wrote in a style of such exquisite purity and grace that Charles Lamb praised him unstintingly.

Benjamin Franklin was a poor printer boy, who made his own way to a fame that will endure forever.

DOG CARRYING UMBRELLAS

From the barber's shop came Jeremy Taylor, the eminent preacher; Sir Richard Arkwright, the inventor of the spinning jenny; Lord Tenterden, one of England's distinguished chief justices, and Turner, the greatest among modern landscape painters.

Shakespeare was a wool comber. Milton was the son of a scrivener. From the lowest of day laborers came Brindley, the engineer; Cook, the navigator, and Burns the poet. From the trade of bricklaying and masonry came Ben Jonson the author, Hugh Miller the geologist, and Allan Cunningham the poet and sculptor; while from the carpenter's work bench sprang Inigo Jones, the architect; Harrison, the chronometer maker; John Hunter, the physiologist; Romney and Opie, the painters; Professor Lee, the orientalist, and John Gibson, the sculptor.

The weavers have produced Simson the mathematician, Bacon the sculptor, the two Milners, Adam Walker, John Foster, Jacquard, Wilson the ornithologist, and Dr. Livingstone, the missionary traveller.

Written for the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

How Should We Amuse Our Little Ones.

How shall we amuse our little ones? is a constantly recurring question to all thoughtful mothers. What can we do that will both amuse and instruct them? I do not refer to the children of wealthy parents who are attended by a train of servants, and whose nurseries and play-rooms are crowded with the latest inventions conceived by the brains of toy-makers, but to the average child, whose mother is necessarily employed with her own houshold cares, but who, if she exercises wisdom, is also her child's companion in play as well as the home-maker and house-keeper. Empty spools of every size, from the smallest twist spools to the large ones on which linen thread is wound, form most interesting playthings for little ones. One will be surprised to note the number which an ordinary family will collect if each one is saved as the thread is used. Then, too, the aunts and grandmothers who have no little ones to amuse, can be called upon to add their's to the number and in a short time hundreds will be collected. I know two children whose united ages would scarcely reach the teens, who are the happy possessors of five or six hundred of these. Oh! what wonderful houses, barns and even towers are constructed with these inexpensive toys. Then, too, there is the novelty of stringing them on long strings assorting the sizes, or if this proves tedious when through playing with them, throw them all into a large box, kept for that purpose and reserve for the future when other toys have grown old. Dolls, now, the same as for many years past, form a necessary part of children's amusements.

To a little girl the ordinary first lessons in sewing usually prove irksome; but if the mother would spend a short time in cutting clothes for dolls, and teach her little daughter to make her own doll's clothes, she would be surprised to find how much more interested the child would be than by the ordinary long seam method usually employed. I recently called upon a mother who was busily engaged fashioning clothes for a doll, whose possessor, a little girl of eight, was eagerly watching every detail.

"I usually take a fashion magazine," said the mother, "and together Nellie and I select the style best suited to our material and then cut our patterns accordingly."

"I believe," said she, "in early teaching a child to harmonize colors and study effect, in this way she will receive many a hint in regard to her own wardrobe," said she, laughing, "I may be helping to educate an artist, a sculptor, or a designer of costumes. It is related of the great painter Benjamin West, that the encouragement he received from his mother, when a boy, made him one of the greatest painters of his time. It takes time and patience to amuse the little ones, but let us remember childhood's years are "fleeting." Then

"Gather them close to your loving breast,
Little ones in the nest,
They will soon enough leave your love and care,
Soon enough mount youth's topmost stair,
Little ones in the nest."

Adventures of Two Boys.

(*Continued from last week.*)

During the interim we busied ourselves in gathering fuel to keep up the fire, and soon saw that heaven had not yet spent her strength, but was merely gathering force for a second storm to which the last had only been a prelude. It burst, but not before we managed to form a sort of shelter by placing the blankets over the branches of a *cedar*, where we remained till Jove had again spent his strength. We then came forth as before to dry ourselves, which we managed to do successfully, and after gathering a sufficiency of fuel for the night, we consigned ourselves to Morpheus until day should once more dawn. Henry took up his abode on some wet-dry branches, whilst I took up my quarters in the bow of the boat on the soft side of a board. Previous to this however, we made a very good supper off cold potatoes and butter. While lying in our respective places of rest, we received visits from two nocturnal visitors, in the shape of frogs. Henry's jumped on him as he lay, and he, thinking I was shying something at him to prevent his going to sleep, grabbed it with the intention of retaliating, where lo! his hand came in contact with its cold and clammy body. He was greatly startled by this unwished for intruder and called out to notify me of the circumstance, at which we both laughed and then lay down again, I, laughing in my sleeve at being as I deemed it, in safe quarters. But a short time was allowed to elapse ere I was startled by something striking the side of the boat, and the next minute another frog cleared the gunwhale and almost sprang into my mouth. I jumped to cleanse the boat of the reptile, telling Henry of what had befallen me, and we then arranged ourselves for the third time. He slept, but I really did not know whether I followed suit or not, however, shortly I espied the nightly intruder squatting comfortably on the gunwhale, gazing fixedly at the fire, his outline well defined against the firelight. I administered to him a startling kick, but it was not till this was repeated that he evacuated his pleasant position. Henry had another visit from his, which squatted on his hip, but he was prepared and doubling up his ponderous fist administered such a blow to the audacious frog, that it was rudely ejected from its warm bed, and visited him no more. All the while the thunder muttered sullenly, and was we feared the precursor of another drenching, which Henry had prognosticated in the evening. It was now pitch dark, so we had nothing to do but weather it out, therefore wrapping the blankets round us, we stood up as the surest way of shedding water. The whole heavens now seemed to open and discharged the rain in torrents, drenching us to the skin. This third storm was of thirty minutes duration, and we longed to be once more at home. When we were again at liberty to move about, we could discern two lights which appeared suspended in the environing gloom, that was so dense one could not see the other even when standing side by side. We thought of trying to reach home and indeed harbored this idea for some time, but not being able to see the opposite shore and having nothing to guide us, we gave up the idea. We next tried very hard to light the fire, and were partially successful, but after fanning vigorously for a very long time, wished it in Jericho, since it would only emit smoke enough to blind any mortal. We lay down again to get a little sleep, as we were almost worn out, I first swinging my arms to restore circulation, and rubbing my hands, then I lay down on a wet board, and I think slept, though but for a short time. About half-past twelve it had cleared a little, so we decided to attempt to return. I rigged a jury-mast, but we had at last to have recourse to the oars, and finally reached home about half-past two, and you may be sure were very glad of the warm, dry beds that were awaiting us. Hoping soon to receive a reply to this long letter. I remain, your affectionate son, CHARLES PANSY.

Hazelkirk

Practical Information for the Housewife

"A hint is often all that is needed."

All questions regarding this department will be cheerfully answered in this column.—Ed.

Useful Household Suggestions.

A few drops of any essential oil will ensure leather from getting mouldy.

Use soapy water when making starch, and the irons will not stick, while it gives the clothes a glossier appearance.

If ink is spattered on wood-work it may be taken out by scouring with sand and water and a little ammonia, then rinse with soda and water.

Soda soap is made in this wise: To five pounds of grease add three pounds of washing soda and four gallons of boiling water, stirring the mixture every day until the soap forms, then reduce it to the consistency with water.

If you will place a few tonqua beans, broken in halves, into the drawers and wardrobes where underwear, table and bed linen, gloves, hankerchiefs, etc., are kept, they will impart to these articles a most delicate odor which will be extremely agreeable. Jewel boxes and other receptacles may also be scented with them. They are easily obtained of druggists.

Almond meal is very softening and whitening to the skin.

Peroxide of hydrogen diluted with ammonia will bleach the hair.

Naphtha is good for cleaning kid gloves, but keep it away from the fire.

Ordinary sticking plaster makes a good remedy for corns, as it keeps them soft and prevents the rubbing.

Wash white flannels in cold water with suds made of white soap, and they will not shrink much, nor look yellow.

For chafing, try fuller's earth pulverized; moisten the surface first when applying it. Oxide of zinc ointment is also excellent.

One of the most effectual injections for constipation in young children is equal parts of glycerine and water. It is harmless and healing.

Never sweep dust and dirt from one room to another, nor from upstairs to the other part of the house. Always take it up in each room.

Our American Letter.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

NEW YORK, May 26th, 1892.

It is a glorious sunny morning and the heart of the woman of Gotham rejoices, not that the clothes may dry well—a thought of the past—but that she may enjoy an Elysian day shopping. If you would see the woman of New York in all her infinite variety come with me this bright spring day to those stores which have used the most space in the advertising columns of the Sunday papers. We will start down Fifth avenue, the exclusive shopping district of our "Four Hundred." It is only within a few years that trade has invaded the sacred precincts of this avenue of palatial residences, and the business there is of a peculiar type. Judging by the signs we might fear that Queen Victoria was left without dressmakers, milliners, or purveyors in general, so many of these useful trades-people having benevolently left royalty to come here and administer to the wants of ordinary mortals. There are few people here on foot, and they are noticeable for their quiet and appropriate costumes. A number of remarkably pretty young ladies who pass us appear to be on their way to the various physical culture classes which are now the fashion here. At Twenty-third street we reach the crowded district, and as we continue our way around the rectangle, which has for its four sides Twenty-third street, Sixth avenue, Fourteenth street and Fifth avenue, and includes the main shopping district for the better classes of the metropolis, the crowd continues to increase. The shop windows are charming with their new spring dresses, wraps and dainty muslins and embroideries; but every woman, though she may pass by these, stops before the windows gay with flowers and ribbons, where the spring hats are displayed. "Crazy" the men dub them as they see them in the window; "bewitching," they acknowledge, when framing a pretty face. They are both large and small, of all colors; a rainbow is a faint comparison, but in two things the hats all resemble each other—they have very small or no crowns and they have immense bows and streamers of two or, preferably, three-inch watered or gros-grain ribbon. The women all look at these with anxious, care-worn faces; those who have not yet purchased the summer bonnet, seeking their "dream;" those who have that "dream" safely boxed at home, looking fearfully lest they see something that is dreamier—to coin a word. Just look at the crowd. There are few men in the streets, and hardly a child to be seen. You would almost think New York a childless city, but it is a part of the wisdom our women display to leave the little ones home rather than expose them to the crowds, fatigue and danger from colds attendant upon a shopping trip. Brooklyn in this respect is quite different. Baby carriages abound in the shopping district. New York is a cosmopolitan city, and in her streets you see representatives from nearly every civilized country, so that it is hard to classify its women and compare them with those of other cities. The majority of the women, however, especially those of pronounced American birth, are fine-looking, well-formed and tastefully dressed. The evident use of paint and powder is confined to the few, and is a distinguishing mark between the lady and her imitator. She is much more sensible in dress and appearance than the male journalist would make her appear. Tight lacing is seldom seen in the streets and the train is not as prevalent as they would have us believe. When worn it is generally raised well out of the mud, displaying the universal dark flounced petticoat. If you are hungry you will please dine with me at one of the popular lunch rooms, which is almost monopolized by our sex. To lunch out is a necessary adjunct of every new dress and bonnet They generally count lunch in the cost, and save it at the bargain-counter. A woman is not usually a hearty eater, and the order is generally for a stew, a salad, or a cup of tea and a sandwich. There is no question as to who will settle the bill. Each woman carefully pays her share, and the waiter is feed with a smile. A woman is always careful of small change no matter how extravagant when dollars are concerned. Witness her devotion to the bargain-counter, where she will spend an hour trying to buy a gingham dress at five cents per yard, which, let me whisper, would be dear at any price. That some New York women can shop I am convinced. Let me repeat a conversation I heard on Sixth avenue. The speakers were three little old-women-children, about ten years of age, very shabbily dressed: "I had fifteen cents last year and I made fine presents," exultingly. "How much you got this time," with awe, one of the others inquired. Thirteen cents; I have a top, two slate pencils, that's three; a thimble for ma, a lead pencil for pa, that's five; a book, I give two cent fur that, and this here ribbon, four cents; I'll cut it in two, that makes eight presents, and here's three left to spend. "You did shop awful good," said one. "What'll you do with the three?" asked the other. "Buy candy and divide it so as to give a piece ter each present," she replied, sagely. "Where did yer get it all?" "Savin' up ever since the Fourth of July—I minded Mrs. Reilly's baby fer her."

MARJORIE F. LATIMER.

Written for the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

Abijale and Me.

Did you ever share a pew with anyone? If not, don't read this; it will be wasted on you.

I went to church one Sunday. It's nothing out of the way; I often do. I merely call your attention to the fact as a foundation for my little tale of woe. Abijale was in church too. Abijale wasn't his real name, but for historical purposes it will do. We had the misfortune to share a pew with Abijale and his family—principally Abijale. He was a small boy—a very small boy—but with enough "cussedness" in him for a wilderness of monkies. Therefore, as I walked into church alone it was with a sinking of heart I beheld Abijale, also alone, in the pew. I seated myself as far at the other end as I could, kept my eyes turned away and tried to look unconscious of his presence. All was smooth sailing until the second lesson, when Abijale, probably resenting the monopoly the minister was having of the conversation, remarked:

"I seen Billie Smith!"

As this was addressed to the congregation at large nobody answered. Abijale seemed to feel this was meant for a slur on Billie Smith, and remarked in a louder key:

"I seen Billie Smith and his ma!"

I blushed crimson to the roots of my hair, and wished I could crawl under the seat and die. I'm not a seeker after notoriety, and when I saw the choir individually and collectively directing it's attention eagerly toward our seat I felt my cup was full. I would have given worlds—I think even one would have satisfied me—if I could have taken Abijale and shaken him nearly to pieces.

Finding that he had failed in bringing Billie Smith before the public eye, he lay down on his back and gazed sadly at the roof. Presently, as he tried to kick his feet over the back of the pew, he began in a meditative tone:

"I've got a poo' cat at home!"

Emboldened by the smiles of the surrounding people he went on to enlarge upon the excellencies and virtues of the "poo' cat" till I was afraid there would be some confusion in the minds of the people as to who was preaching. I can't begin to tell you all he did. He kicked off his shoe, and grovelled under the seat looking for it for about fifteen minutes, during which I had a little peace. I was getting reckless to appearances now, and had got used to the smiles of the whole congregation and the interest with which every one observed our movements. All of a sudden Abijale seemed to be struck with the recollection of the family he had left behind him and began to howl:

"I want my mamma! I want my mamma! Take me to my mamma!"

And at this juncture I believe I fainted.

MOLLIE MOORE.

A Large Glove Industry.

At Grenoble, France, it is said that 1,200,000 pairs of gloves are manufactured annually. This represents a value of $7,000,000 to $7,200,000, and gives employment to 25,000 workpeople of both sexes. There are 4,000 men and 21,000 women residing in a rayon of thirty-eight miles around Grenoble who live by this work. Glove-making, then, is interesting from a social point of view, as it is one of the few callings open to female labor in which they can earn respectable wages without abandoning husbands, homes and little ones. The writer adds that out of the $7,200,000 worth of gloves made in that region at least $3,000,000 are distributed in wages amongst an almost infinite number of families.

A Slander Repelled.

Mistress.—"Norah, how does it happen that I find you idling away your time in that rocking chair?"

Domestic (with languid majesty)—"I'm not idling mem. I am reposing. I'm a Delsarshean, mem."

Correspondence.

The correspondence columns are open to all readers of the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY. *Questions relating to fashions, etiquette, literature or any subject of interest to our readers can be sent in for reply. Address correspondence editor in care of this paper.*

JAPONICA.—It depends entirely on circumstances, if the gentleman is likely to appreciate the work sufficiently, I should risk his getting them soled himself. A busy or impecunious young man would thank her more for the completed gift. It isn't her *duty* to have them soled, but if she considers it best, it is not out of the way to do so.

JESSIE (Hamilton).—I am gratified to know that you liked your prize and appreciate the paper. The best and cheapest hair restorative is hard to mention, good ones are dear. One pennyworth of borax, half a pint of olive oil, one pint boiling water. To make: pour the boiling water over the borax and oil; let it cool; put in a bottle, shake before using and apply it with a flannel. Perhaps camphor and borax, dissolved in warm water and let cool, would be a good wash, as the oil has a tendency to darken the hair which is not desired. I know nothing about the other matters, which don't belong to my department.

CHIC-A-DEE.—The Russian blouse is very fashionable, but is neither tasty nor becoming to any but slender folk.

PETER LONG.—Your questions are not silly. I do not think you have the least right to insist on the young lady's deferring to your wish in the matter. Take care you don't go too far, and make her decide to be independent altogether. 1. You are right, the ideal cannot be attained. Should such a thing happen, it would not be ideal but real. At the same time a high ideal helps us upwards.

JUANITA.—I should recommend black and yellow, in preference of black and red, the latter combination is very common.

PIXIE.—For a lady as small as you are, special care should be taken in selection of styles and materials. Dainty laces, narrow ribbons, and coquettish hats and bonnets, with rather high-heeled shoes, will be suitable. Wear tight bodices, not blouses, they look too childish and bulky on you. For an outing suit you could wear cream and crimson, or blue and white very nicely, made up as you describe.

JONAH.—I don't think there is any reliance to be placed on lucky days, though a series of *contre temps*, or happy happenings make us like or dislike some particular day. Plans, sensibly made and carefully carried out, ought to succeed independent of any particular day of Commencement. Wednesday is the favorite day for weddings.

GODIRA.—A husband who would ask his wife to do for a friend what you mention, must be a queer man. If the friend is notably fast and indiscreet, you should certainly refuse to drive her to the races. Don't stay at home, that were a foolish whim: go, but simply refuse to be seen and identified as the intimate of the woman, on any public occasion. Don't argue, simply say "I will not." Ten to one your husband will be glad to hear you are more strong minded than he is himself.

YOUNG HOSTESS.—For refreshments at an At Home of a small number, lemonade, coffee, ice cream, jelly, sandwiches and cake are sufficient. Have dainty cakes, macaroons, kisses, sponge fingers, and some good candies. Two maids are ample, if they have any idea of waiting. By all means have music. You can have your little boy downstairs, and your little girl on the landing to direct the guests. You do not say whether you intend having both ladies and gentleman, or only the former.

STUDENT.—1. A good book on phrenology is, "Sizers' Head and Faces." P. C. Allen, King St., Toronto, it costs fifty cents. 2. I could not say. 3. Depends on the smartness of the person. 4. Some try to, but it seems rather a failure.

Prof. Wickle's Prize Graphological Examination.

Special Notice.

The Ideal Wife Prize Examination closed on Dec. 15th. We shall continue to publish in this column the delineation of the different specimens of handwriting sent in for the Prize Competition until they have been completed.

Delineations.

485 Sequence of ideas, quick observation, generosity, vivacity, some imagination, originality, caution, and an affectionate and tender disposition are indicated by this specimen. The moods are varying, sometimes very desponding. There is not much artistic perception. So far as can be told from so insufficient a specimen, the writing on the envelope enclosed suggests extreme refinement, romance of feeling, frankness, sense of beauty, imagination and warmth of affection.

486 This study shows a gentle, tender and extremely affectionate disposition, good sense, decided will, but not much individuality. There is no originality, courage, impulse, nor imagination. The subject is cautious, and prudent in money matters.

487 Impulse, ardour, ambition, deductive judgment, caution, which controls the impulse owing to extreme good sense, quick temper, decided will, love of luxury, and interest to the opposite sex are signified by this writing.

Mothers.

Mrs. Spoots (looking out of the window)—"Goodness! Here comes that horrid Mrs. Waggles and all her children. What shall I do?"

Aunt Totsie.—"I know! Johnny, as soon as they get seated, you say you dont feel well, do you hear?"

Johnny (two minutes later)—"I feel awful sick."

Aunt Totsie—"Oh, let me see your throat. Mercy on us! I hope you aren't going to have diphtheria!

Mrs. Waggles.—"I hope not! Come, children! We only dropped in for a moment."

Happy Wives.

As we look about on our circle of acquaintances, we are convinced that marriage is not always the ideal state the novelist would have us think.

We are surrounded by mystery. Strange to say, all rules fail.

The woman we admire as accomplished and beautiful, does not seem to have any stronger hold upon her husband than her plain, commonplace sister.

The competent house-wife, whose table is a joy to both eye and palate, eats quite as many husbandless meals as does her slovenly neighbor.

Age does not solve the problem.

Many young men have been ridiculously happy with elderly wives, in spite of Shakespeare's declaration. "Then let thy love be younger than thyself, or thy affection cannot hold the vent."

"An old man's darling" has been a slave, and a young man's slave a treasured darling; while the boy and girl of equal years, who played together, as husband and wife quarrel badly.

What is the secret of the difficulty? I believe it is rooted in the dispositson on the part of many girls to regard marriage as a transforming and reforming institution.

"Fred will stop drinking when we are married," his little fiancee tells her friends; or, "Ned will not go so often to the club when he has a home of his own"; or, "Charlie's mother does not understand him, and so he appears cross at times."

There are very few marriage-made men. Matrimony does not make or mend the disposition.

If Fred will not reform for the sake of his own manhood, no wife can save him.

If Fanny does not like tobacco smoke, it would be safer for her not to marry the man who loves a good cigar.

If Ned's sharp speeches cause his sweetheart many tears, they will blister his wife's cheeks.

In spite of what the moralists say in regard to studying the man you marry, I believe more trouble is caused by girls not studying themselves.

They are more often self-deceived than the victims of any plot on the part of their lovers. They expect too much, idealize too much, and clothe their suitors with attributes they never claimed to possess.

First, then, I would say to the girl who sees upon the horizon, like the prophet of old, the gathering cloud of a man's hand, "Go shut-to the door of your chamber, and have a good talk with yourself."

Are you an ambitious girl, fond of dainty gowns and social prominence?

Then hesitate before you marry a young man on a small salary,

Would it be fair to him to reproach him in the future because you cannot have the flesh-pots of Egypt?

You know he is true and honest, and will give you what he can.

But will he be able to give you enough?

Your marrying him will not transform him into a millionaire.

If luxury is necessary to your happiness, it will be a risk to marry a man with no luxuries to give you.

If self-investigation develops the fact that you are very sensitive to criticism, why should you expect to be happy with a man whose grammar is defective, and whose peculiarities of manner excite unfavorable comment?

You can never be both a wife and a schoolmistress; the avocations do not harmonize.

Every one, since the days of Achilles, has had his vulnerable spot.

What may not irritate another is, because of your individual weakness, particularly galling to you.

Think of this when choosing a husband; for the man you marry is the man you must live with.

Plain Features.

Plainess of features is not at all incompatible with beauty. There is a great difference between a person's being plain and being ugly. A person may be plain, and yet very attractive and interesting in both countenance and manner, and surely no one could call such a person ugly. An ugly face is repulsive. There are no rules that can be depended on for the settlement of beauty; and still less can ugliness be defined otherwise than by itself. If we were asked to say what constitutes an ugly woman we could not reply. We know there are such, for we have seen them.

Family Headaches.

A woman has a headache, and she walks around the house with it wrapped up in a handkerchief dipped in bay rum, and she scolds the servants, administers punishment to the child that don't need it, and wonders what in the world she ever got married for, and wishes she were dead, and then has a cup of tea about every three quarters of an hour. She says she is letting it "wear off," but it's the family who endure the wearing process, and until a headache has become nothing but a memory the entire establishment endures it.

When a man gets a headache, he comes home and announces that he is going to die; and then he goes to bed, has the doctor sent for, takes whatever he gives him, groans and makes a great time generally, gets the sympathy of the entire household, and day after to-morrow is quite well and ready to go down town and tell how near he came to dying, what a close call he had, and how only the skill of the doctor, and the nursing of his wife saved him. Now the man's way is decidedly the best. He gets rid of the cause of the headache, and, as the entire household has been moaning "Poor papa," he has their sympathy. The woman just lets the head-ache go away, irritates and upsets everybody, and it is certain that it will come back another day. Why are women such geese? Why, when they feel ill, don't they just have it out by going to bed and making the best of it? It is a much more sensible way and much more satisfactory. Headaches are absolutely the skeletons in some houses, because they bring so much terror with them.

Mention the Ladies Pictorial Weekly.

Beauty Hints.

Le Masque du Maria was a famous beauty receipe in the days of La Reine Margot of France, and is said to restore a faded complexion to its pristine freshness. To make it, beat the white of one egg to a cream with a little rose water, add one gramme of alum and one of sweet almond oil and beat together until it becomes the consistency of a soft paste. This paste is spread upon a masque of thick unbleached muslin which is fastened behind the head with tapes and left on all night. In the morning the face is washed with a velvet sponge, as the small soft sponges are called, dipped in tepid water. Afterwards the face must be plunged in a basin of ice-cold water and briskly rubbed with a soft towel. Those who have tried it declares that it removes the care-marks of time and restores the tone and color to the skin.

Coal-oil products seem a panacea for almost any ill; the latest fashionable headache medicines such as Phanascetine and many other sedatives are made from coal oil. Vaseline and its many synonyms are preparations made from crude oil, as are also most of the magic oils and patent pain-killers in the market. Kerosene is the latest remedy for dandruff, but of course it must be deodorized. It is also valuable as a hair grower, which fact makes vaseline undesirable for a face cosmetic, as it is apt to produce a hirsute growth.

Llanoline is one of the best skin softeners; in its crude state it was known to the ancient Egyptians, and Cleopatra who was an adept in the arts of toilet, is said to have anointed her face with an ungent made of llanoline or sheep's wool fat, the fat nearest the skin being used for this purpose.

A quart of milk in which the juice of three mandarian oranges has been squeezed is said to be a refreshing lotion for the complexion.

Eating quantities of oranges is an excellent remedy for clearing a muddy skin; before breakfast is the best time, and one may indulge in as many as is agreeable.

For cleansing the hair nothing is better than the yolk of a well-beaten egg rubbed into the roots and left on until almost dry; then wash off with warm water in which a little ammonia has been dissolved. Continual washing destroys the hair, and French women who do not care to wash the head, powder the hair profusely with scented powder and then brush thoroughly or use a fine tooth comb, which removes the dust and powder at the same time.

A NEW YORK physician says: "It is dangerous to go into the water after a hearty meal." And we presume if he did go in after one he would not find it.

Collector.—What have you got in that cart?
"Half a sheep."
"Alive or dead?"

European ladies are often invited to visit the harems of the rich Moors in Morocco, and some time ago, one of the inmates—a beautiful young girl—fainted at the sight of one of the lady visitors removing her gloves. The young girl thought she was removing a thick skin from her hand, and the sight frightened her so much that it was some time before she could regain consciousness.

"WHAT ails Jones?"
"He says he is suffering from dyspepsia."
"Why, he doesn't look like a dyspeptic."
"He isn't; but his employer is."

Bibbs—How de do, Bob? Where's Sis?
Bob (Sis's husband)—Gone shopping.
Bibbs—What did she want?
Bob—Nothing.
Bibbs—Then why did she go shopping.
Bob—To see if she could find anything that would make her want something.

Husband—I don't see why you women always begin lifting your skirts before you get within ten feet of a mud-puddle.

Wife—I don't see why you men never roll up your trousers until you get half way through a mud-puddle.

She—I thought your brother had decided to get married in the evening?

He—He had, but I was to be his best man, and a slight difficulty presented itself.

She—Indeed! Pray, what was it?

He—We couldn't both wear the same dress suit.

What They Say?

The Barrie *Advance* says: "The number of the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY for January 30th, is before us. This increasing popular weekly is now in its third volume, and is destined to occupy an important position among the literary periodicals of the Dominion. This 'newspaper for the women of North America' is invested with a new interest to its readers in the county of Simcoe, from the fact that it is now edited by Miss Madge Robertson, daughter of Henry Robertson, Esq., LL.B., of Collingwood. The *Advance* has already expressed its opinion of Miss Robertson as a writer. We see evidences in the raciness of style and a certain indefinable individuality, that in a more mature stage, will place the editor of the LADIES' WEEKLY in a prominent place among Canadian writers."

"The LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY, edited by Miss Madge Robertson, M.A., Toronto, Canada, is a lively little journal, full of racy American expressions and stories. The lives of different good men and women are pourtrayed, and the household in all its departments is intelligently discussed.—*Our Home*, Edinburg.

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Mention the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly. 18-1y

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Gentleman's Ireland's Shaving Bar. One of the leading soaps of England. It removes all blemishes, wrinkles and freckles, softens the skin and produces a clear and healthy complexion. Sold by all druggists. 372 Church street, Toronto.
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Phrenology, MRS. MENDON, 237 McCaul Street, Toronto. 10-y
Mention the Ladies Pictorial Weekly.

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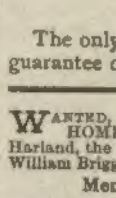

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A PRIZE PORTRAIT REBUS.

This young lady has three brothers, each one of whose picture is combined in the above portrait. The manufacturers of **PEARLIFOAM,** THE LATEST SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY FOR CLEANSING AND PRESERVING THE TEETH, will give a handsome **Gold Watch** to the person who can make out the faces of the three brothers FIRST; to the second an elegant pair of genuine DIAMOND EARRINGS; to the third a PIANO LAMP in Antique Silver; to the fourth either a SILK DRESS PATTERN or a SWISS MUSIC BOX playing six pieces; to the fifth a beautiful pair of PEARL OPERA GLASSES; to the sixth an elegant MANTEL CLOCK; to the seventh a pair of SOLID GOLD CHAIN BRACELETS, with Padlocks, and to the eighth a COIN SILVER WATCH.

Each contestant is to cut out the picture rebus and make a cross with a lead pencil on the three brothers' faces, and send same to us, with ten three-cent Canadian postage stamps (or 30 cents in silver) for one package of **Pearlifoam,** before July 20th, 1892. The envelope postmarked *first* which contains the three brothers' faces correctly marked will receive the *first* prize, the balance in order as received. For the LAST correct answer we will also give a handsome **Gold Watch**; to the next to the last a complete BUSINESS EDUCATION; to the second to the last an elegant pair of genuine DIAMOND EARRINGS; to the third from the last a PIANO LAMP in Antique Silver; to the fourth a SWISS MUSIC BOX playing 6 pieces; to the fifth a SILK DRESS PATTERN; to the sixth a pair of PEARL OPERA GLASSES; to the seventh an elegant MANTEL CLOCK, *and a valuable prize will also be given to* **every person** *who is able to answer this picture rebus correctly* until 100 prizes have been awarded if there should be that number answering correctly. Nothing is charged for boxing and packing prizes. We shall offer extra premiums to all who are willing to help us introduce **Pearlifoam.** Our prizes are entirely FREE. Our object is to introduce and attract attention to **Pearlifoam,** which is the only preparation whose manufacturers are willing to offer a reward of $100 to any dentist who can show that it contains anything injurious to the teeth. Ladies who have used **Pearlifoam** cannot say too much in its favor. A mouthful of pearly white teeth is the sure result of its constant use. It is recommended by the leaders of the profession everywhere, ask your dentist what he thinks of it.

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Written for the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY

Our Fellow-Travelers.

Even to people accustomed to much traveling, the meeting new faces and hearing odd bits of conversation is interesting, but much more enjoyable is it for one who is compelled by force of business or home-ties to remain in a village for months at a time.

What opportunities for studying human nature! for in traveling one soon falls into ways *sans ceremonie*, and betrays the inner self. What conjectures we make about our fellow-passengers. That man sitting near, where does he live? why is he here? what are his aims? is he happy? and a hundred other questions arise in our minds as we scan his features. We simply cannot help weaving romances about some of the less common place looking people.

Just near at hand is a fresh, young school-girl; pretty, attractive and quiet, but the train stops for a few moments, and—presto!, What a change!

She suddenly opens a window and espying a friend at the station salutes her thus: "How you were?" (I begin to be disillusionized). Then she edifies all the occupants of the car by her conversation. We hear of her escape from college, her trials when changing cars, her delight at the prospect of seeing her mamma whom she had not seen "since Christmas" (in such a woeful tone) Christmas was two months ago. "Well, goodbye," and once more our pretty maiden settles herself into decorum. Why did she disenchant us?

Across the aisle is a couple interesting, and interested (in themselves). Here surely is a foundation upon which I may build a little romance.

He has a pensive face, fair curling locks and lofty brow, and his limped blue eyes seem to have sight for none but the lady sitting with him. I philosophically wonder "how long it will last."

There is a party of German ladies and gentlemen conversing: but, unlike our loquacious maiden, not giving the benefit of their conversation, as they cling to the language of their fatherland. What a pleasant time they are having. They may discuss their own affairs, or their neighbors, with impunity, for the only understandable words we hear are an occasional ja, or nein.

These new arrivals are surely a treat for us, for, yes they are no other than a newly-wedded couple. They prove to be fairly well behaved, considering the circumstances, and they might have traveled *incognito* had not a large consignment of sisters, cousins, aunts and friends accompanied them to the station, with the usual supply of rice. This, they shower to such an extent that we mentally agree with the fair young bride (whose thoughts naturally and dutifully turn to housekeeping) as she shouts out "we might live on rice puddin' for the next two weeks."

Later on, our car becoming crowded, I willingly share my seat with a sweet-faced nun. I shall long remember Sister M's fair, young face, whose beauty is enhanced by the dark garb of her order.

We open conversation by a few common-place remarks, but soon drift into congenial subjects. The beautiful sunset carries us into a discussion on Nature and Art. Then she tells me about her happy and quiet but useful life, and I think with regret of the probability of her taking last vows, and becoming a recluse for evermore. To one outside the cloister, it seems "a life in which nothing happens." "A life that is daily dying." Is she really called to thus limit her influence, and become dead to her friends? I cannot tell; the decision must lie within her own mind.

Again, I am alone, and I find myself listening to the different topics being discussed near me.

Talk of gossip! Oh, ye men, never again in my hearing, brand women as the news-mongers, for like Hamlet's ghost "I could a tale unfold." How much of the news of a certain little town I heard that evening! The financial condition of this and that business man; the other one's *affaires d'amour* and so on *ad infinitum*.

As I quietly dozed, lulled by the sound of many voices, I felt as though I had been transported to that memorable dinner given by one of Charles O'Malley's relatives.

But suddenly I am awakened by the call of the brakesman. Really there should be a law against brakemen having an impediment in their speech. However are poor, lone creatures who have forgotten guides to know when they are nearing their destination?

The next station proves to be my stopping-place, and as I begin to arrange methodically my "big box, little box, band-box and bundle," I take mental notes of the behavior of a party of men who are to stop at the same place. With a feeling of unchristian envy I note that they proceed with their conversation, coolly and calmly waiting till the train stops before donning their coats and hats, and collecting their hand-luggage. They evidently expect that the train will wait till they are prepared to alight.

With all our ability to rival man in professions or business, he remains unexcelled in such instances, unless we can force ourselves to shatter our idols and leave our "bundles" at home.

SANS NOM.

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As will be seen from his letter, four physicians had attended him, and it was only after he had given up hope of cure that he decided to try Burdock Blood Bitters on the recommendation of a neighbor who had been cured of a similar disease by its use. Mr. Haun writes as follows:

DEAR SIRS,—I think I have been one of the worst sufferers you have yet heard of, having been six years in the hands of four of our best doctors without obtaining permanent relief, but continually growing worse, until almost beyond hope of recovery, I tried your Bitters and got relief in a few days. Every organ of my body was deranged, the liver enlarged, hardened and torpid, the heart and digestive organs seriously deranged, a large abscess in my back, followed by paralysis of the right leg, in fact the lower half of my body was entirely useless. After using Burdock Blood Bitters for a few days the abscess burst, discharging fully five quarts of pus in two hours. I felt as if I had received a shock from a powerful battery. My recovery after this was steady and the cure permanent, seeing that for the four years since I have had as good health as ever I had. I still take an occasional bottle, not that I need it but because I wish to keep my system in perfect working order. I can think of no more remarkable case than what I have myself passed through, and no words can express my thankfulness for such perfect recovery.

C. C. HAUN,
Welland P.O.

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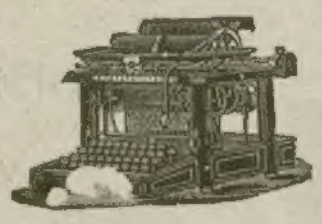

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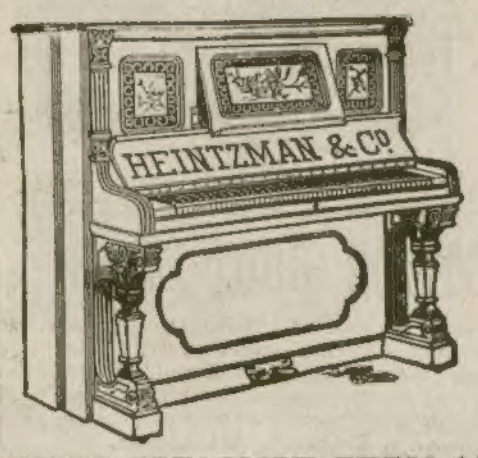

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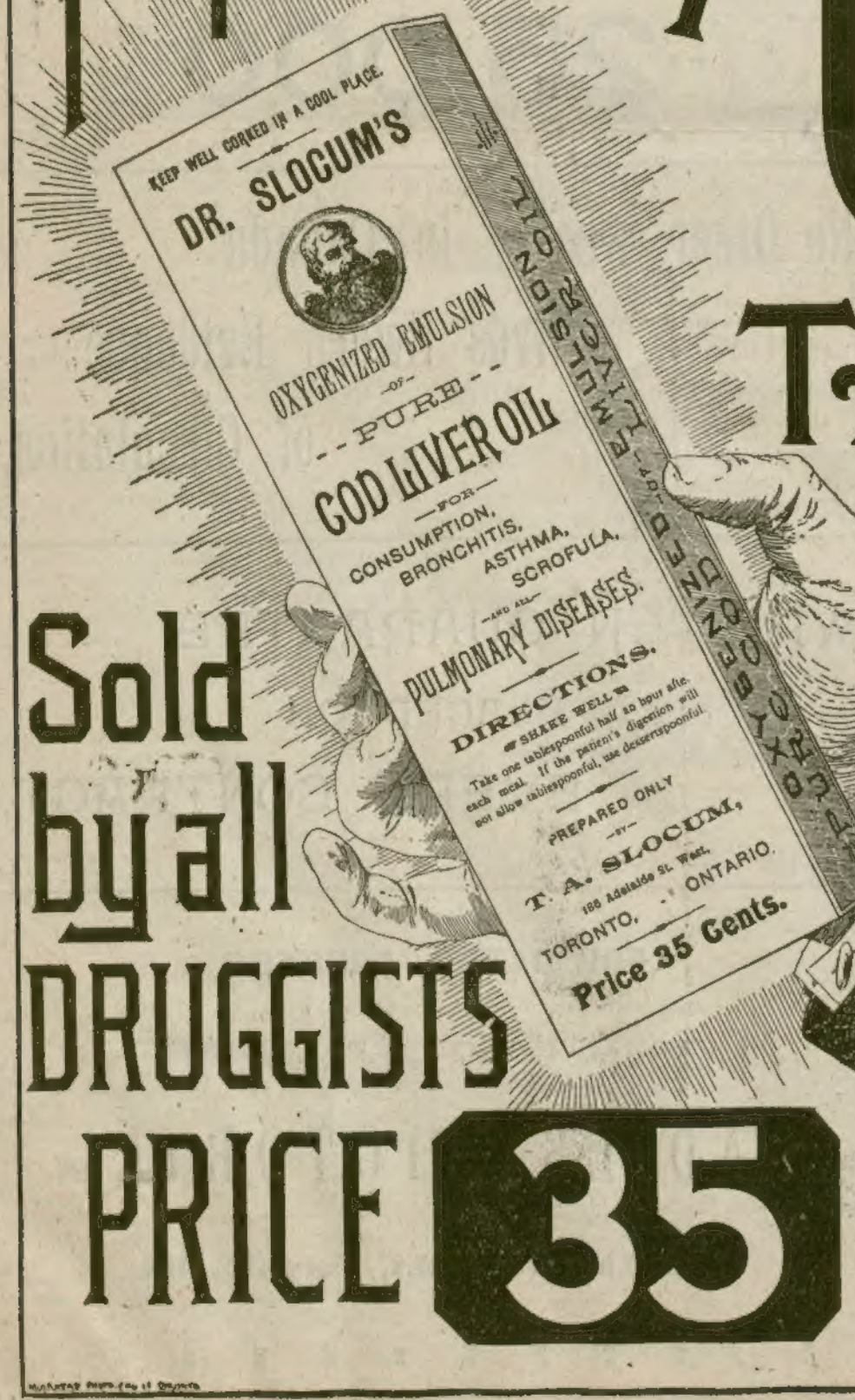

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